



정용(正龍) 현대판타지 소설

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골든타임

GOLDEN TIME

MUNPIA
장르문학의 유토피아, 글세상 문피아

Golden Time

- 골든타임 -

- Volume 2 -

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[Pyoncs (Gravity Tales)]

Chapter 30

Ppiyong! Ppiyong!

"Oh, I lose here every day,"

Scratching his head as if to vent his anger, Kim Hyunwoo stood up after playing game.

At that moment the front door opened.

It was Suhyuk that came in.

Kim Hyunwoo laughed slightly saying, "Oh, you just got here?"

"Yes, but I don't see your mother."

His mother was always waiting for him at the door whenever he came. He did not see her on this day.

"Well, she played hide-and-seek with me until early this morning, and she's taking a nap now. By the way, what's the matter with Dongsu these days?"

Dongsu used to come to Kim's home with Suhyuk every day.

Yet it was hard to see him for a week recently.

Suhyuk laughed sheepishly, saying, "I think he seems to have to take care of some work at home."

Dongsu often left school during school hours. Though he said he was sick, he looked fine in Suhyuk's eyes. He questioned Dongsu thoroughly, but he would avoid it giving reasons of having an illness.

"Man... the SAT is just around the corner. Can't believe his discipline has become too relaxed like this..." said Kim.

He expressed such worry briefly, and then looked at Suhyuk with a grin.

"Play with me today."

Kim Hyunwoo and Suhyuk grabbed a joystick to play game.



After tutoring, Suhyuk did not go home. Instead he moved to a place where Dongsu could be found. A shabby-looking restaurant that sells hangover soup. Suhyuk opened the door.

"Welcome..."

Dongsu, who was clearing the tableware, burst into a laughter when he looked at Suhyuk.

"Why did you come here instead of studying?" asked Dongsu.

Suhyuk sat on the floor and looked around. His mother was not seen anywhere.

As he had expected, Dongsu was subbing for her mom who was sick in bed.

"I'm hungry. Give me something to eat!"

"Are you a beggar? You're going around without eating anything?"

In no time, Dongsu put on the table an earthen pot with rice and soup.

Suhyuk began to eat silently, and Dongsu went into the kitchen to do the dishes.

There were no customers at this time partly because it was late.

After doing the dishes, Dongsu sat in front of Suhyuk, washing his hands.

The earthen pot was clean as if it had been washed.

"Didn't you eat anything at Mr. Kim's house?"

Suhyuk drank the water at a gulp with a smile.

"What are you doing here when you said you're sick?" asked Suhyuk.

"Just go away if you're done eating!"

Dongsu began to remove the dishes from the tables.

"There are 50 days left before the SAT."

Dongsu stopped moving at that moment, but moved again.

After doing the dishes, Dongsu locked the store door.

"As you've come here, drink some soju!"

Suhyuk received the cup he gave out. He had never drunk alcohol before. It smelt pungent. Dongsu giggled as if Suhyuk's reaction like that was funny.

"Even if you drink it, you won't die. You should learn how to drink it like a man."

Suhyuk, with a slight laugh, drank a cup of soju at once. It tasted bitter but mystic, spreading its odor into his mouth. Dongsu also drank soju, telling him that his frowning looked good.

"I know why you're here..." said Dongsu.

"Here, take it," said Suhyuk, cutting off his words.

They drank up as many as four bottles.

Dongsu shook his head as if he was trying to recover his sense.

"Ha, I thought you were just a nerd, but you drink really well," said Dongsu.

At his words, Suhyuk glared through his half-closed eyes.

'Do I drink well? Is my blood alcohol concentration more than 0.10%, given I'm talking strange?'

He felt that if he drank more, he would likely pass out until the next day.

'No, that's wrong.'

Alcohol interferes with the ability to transmit information between brain cells. It is true that you will not be aware of the situation. In short, the hippocampus (responsible for memory, learning, and cognition) is unable to transfer information to the brain due to alcohol having penetrated into the brain. Therefore, it can not be converted into long-term memory. Therefore people think they have forgotten this moment or say they passed out.

"Come on, drink it," said Suhyuk.

"You drank a lot already. Stop here!" retorted Dongsu.

Nodding with his half-closed eyes, Suhyuk drank without hesitation.

"There are 50 days to go before the SAT."

At Suhyuk's words, Dongsu smiled a bit.

"Hey, I thought about that. A pine caterpillar should live on pine needles. I got only 20th place in class during the past three years."

Then, he recalled those 60 students who did not beat him.

'How unfortunate for those guys... '

Dongsu, who was blaming himself, took his hand to the cup.

Suhyuk looked at him quietly. A pine caterpillar? pine needles? It is a lie.

He knew that Dongsu's mother collected whatever money she could to open a store specializing in hangover soup. A guy with filial piety to his mother. It was Dongsu who often said his mother was sick, and now she was hospitalized.

"Don't go the wrong way. Let's take the SAT," said Suhyuk.

"Hey, studying is not for me."

Suhyuk staggered to rise from his seat and took out a few bottles of soju from the refrigerator.

"Let me make a bet with you."

"What kind of bet? You're drunk. Stop it..."

Suhyuk uncorked a bottle of soju, and put it on the table.

"The one who gets drunk and out of it first is the loser. And the loser has to accept the winner's request."

Dongsu laughed. Even without listening to his explanation, Dongsu already knew it. Suhyuk wanted to take him to do the SAT to the end.

As a friend, he is a pretty good guy you can go together to the end with.

But Dongsu did not want to follow his request at all. To him, his mother's health was much more important than his future.

"Don't complain when your head is splitting apart tomorrow!"

Both of them bumped bottles of soju as if they were making a toast.

Gulp, gulp.

Did it last more than an hour?

Both of them were just about managing to stay awake, with their heavy eyelids with a flat face.

They drank up as many as eight empty bottles.

Dongsu, whose face turned red, barely began to say, "Just close your eyes, dude. You'll feel relaxed then."

Suhyuk's head continually moved to the left and right.

"Drink it, come on!" said Suhyuk.

"Ok, you stupid boy. Let's see who's really winning."

The moment the two clinked each other's soju bottles, there was thump!

Dongsu's forehead fell to the table first and fell asleep as if he had fainted.

Suhyuk rubbed his hot face with both hands and looked at Dongsu.

"Come on, let's go do take the SAT..."

Suhyuk, barely holding fast to spirit, touched his cell phone.

He could hardly see the letters, and the fluorescent lights hanging from the ceiling were moving round and round before him. At that moment, a thump could be heard, and Suhyuk fell asleep just like that.



On Monday, Suhyuk, who was sitting in the classroom, took a deep breath because Dongsu was absent from school.

'Who said a rod is the best medicine for a disobedient man? But can I beat him?'

Suhyuk touched some photos of Dongsu stored on his cell phone.

On his LCD screen was exactly the picture of Dongsu being overtaken with drink.

Chapter 31

"Didn't Dongsu come to school today?"

Visiting Suhyuk during lunch time, Hana looked around with a surprised expression.

"Tomorrow he will come." *'Because I will force him to do so.'*

"The SAT is just around the corner..." Hana said, shaking her head at his words.

"Are you preparing for the SAT well?"

At that moment he regretted asking that question. After all, she used to monopolize the first place in the whole school, though he's now the top and she is the second place these days.

She did not miss a single question in mock SAT numerous times.

She laughed, saying, "Well, I'm working hard on my own."

Obviously she was not a kid others have to worry about. She was born for studying.

He felt it was unbelievable that he is ahead of her in the grade ranking right now.

"Yes, let's study hard until we're done with the SAT."

'Can you do well in the SAT?' Hana thought to herself, looking at Suhyuk crossing the school playground with a school bag on his back. *'Can you...'*

At that moment there was another person looking at Suhyuk.

"Did you confirm the deposit? You have to make sure the job's done right," said Kim Insoo while talking to somebody over the phone, looking out the classroom window.

His face turned cold. *'If somebody gets in my way, I can just trample on him...'*



Dongsu giggled at the cell phone Suhyuk was holding, who came to his store.

There he saw a clear picture of himself overtaken with drink, with his head fallen down on the table as if he passed out. When was it taken?

"I'm busy. Go away!"

When Dongsu turned back, Suhyuk's voice stopped him.

"Your mother, would she like the fact that you're spending away time here?"

Dongsu turned back again. He cast his gaze down coldly.

His mother was at the hospital with her lumbar disc problem. She must definitely believe that her son goes to school without fail.

"Do not even think about telling on me. Though you're my good friend, I'll get you!" Dongsu threatened.

"What about your promise to take the SAT?" asked Suhyuk.

"What promise?" replied Dongsu.

Scarcely did Dongsu say that before his head was turned to the side.

Suhyuk punched his face. Dongsu's face slowly returned to its original position.

With a changed look, he asked Suhyuk quietly, "What are you doing now?"

It was as if he would attack him all of a sudden. That kind of gesturing was typical of Dongsu of whom many kids were so scared of in the past. Suhyuk did not cower at all.

"You said a rod is the best medicine to punish a disobedient man, right? So, you deserve my beating," Suhyuk said.

Dongsu's head was turned to the side once again.

"Oh, you bastard!" Dongsu shouted out.

Suhyuk was unable to deal with Dongsu who was piqued by anger.

Dongsu punched his fists at Suhyuk, who was trapped under his ass at once.

"Hey, bastard! How could you throw your fist at me? You want to be killed?"

It was not a human face. Suhyuk's face was severely bruised by punches thrown by

Dongsu relentlessly. His eyes were swollen and his lips were burst.

"Are you okay?" asked Dongsu, who felt he threw punches at him too cruelly.

"Do you think I'm okay?" Suhyuk retorted, spitting out the blood in his mouth.

Suhyuk knew that Dongsu punched him badly. If Dongsu really had thrown punches at him as much as he wanted, he would not have found his teeth intact.

Both of them were looking at each other in the store.

While Dongsu had only one black eye, Suhyuk had all his face covered with Band-Aids.

In short, Suhyuk was covered all over with wounds.

"Indeed, you're a crazy son of a bitch" Suhyuk slightly laughed at Dongsu's words, but frowned at the same time. He felt his whole body was aching. His fist was really strong.

Nonetheless, Suhyuk was intent to speak out what he had to say to him.

"I won't tell your mother about this, so let's take the SAT."

Dongsu shook his head, as if he were sick and tired of him.

"Stop it, man!"

"Do you want me to tell your mom?"

"I'll get you then, okay?"

Suhyuk, clenching his fist, did too, when Dongsu stood up from his seat suddenly.

"Oh..." When Suhyuk, who only half lost his nerve, seemed to fight back again, Dongsu grabbed his head.

"Think about this, Dongsu. Do you think your mother likes you working here in the store? Have you ever pondered how much her heart would be broken to know you gave up going to college to work here?"

A deep sigh came out of Dongsu's mouth. He knew it. She definitely would prefer him going to college. However, he could not when he thought about his mother clapping her painful back every night. And she had no money to pay his tuition.

Did Suhyuk already read into his mind?

"As for the fee, you can make money as a part-timer. Also, after school, you can help your mom. And you have the option of taking leave of absence..."

What about the money they received from Kim Hyunwoo?

Actually they received it for only four months because Suhyuk declined it.

He thought it was like a highway robbery to receive not only free private lessons but also the money, let alone Kim's generous support.

Dongsu sat silently for a while without any words.

At that moment, Suhyuk rose from his seat.

"Do come to school tomorrow. If you don't, I'll tell your mom even if you kill me."

Suhyuk went out and walked down the street. He looked back to see if Dongsu was watching him from behind. No, he was not.

'Will he come to school tomorrow? If he doesn't come again, I'll torment him like the typical Suhyuk of the past who acted as a psycho. I'll keep coming back to you.'

Suhyuk touched his tingling face gently.

'What should I tell them when I go home... '

When did he come out? Dongsu was watching him.

"What a determined guy..." said Dongsu.

Despite being beaten like that, Suhyuk did not break his determination to have him take the SAT.

Dongsu was laughing bitterly, shaking his head.



SAT D-1.

"Come on, be quiet!" The homeroom teacher silenced the noisy students.

"Tomorrow you take the SAT, the last test in my school days. I won't talk long. All of you worked really hard. I just wish you don't make a mistake. That's it!"

The students went out like a tide.

Suhyuk got off the bus and was walking near the house.

"To the left! More! More!"

Suhyuk turned his head to the side at the loud voice.

The rebar attached to the crane was shaking dangerously in the air, and there were workers moving around briskly underneath. What If it falls... it is horrible to even think about it.

Shaking his head, Suhyuk stepped out, or he was trying to do so. At that moment, an intense flash struck through his brain. Serious dizziness. While stumbling, he put his hands on the wall. A piece of memories passing through his mind like a light. A figure supporting a huge H-beam and himself collapsed there. That sight flashed like a glare and stirred his brain.

"What the hell did I do then, son of a bitch..."

Suhyuk's face, hardened like a stone statue, was miserably distorted.



Hana's Rice and Soup store.

It's just a nondescript rice and soup store in his eyes.

"I wonder if this is the store" mumbled Suhyuk, looking at the store.

When he recalled the incident, he just could not sit idle. He had to confirm it with his own eyes.

At that moment the store's door opened and a middle-aged man appeared.

With a big garbage bag, he was limping around the alley.

He's a middle-aged man putting the bag in the garbage collection box as usual.

When he was trying to do that, he fell down because he apparently lost his balance due to the weight of the garbage bag. To make matters worse, he hit his head against the collection box when Suhyuk rushed toward him in big surprise.

"Are you okay?"

Helped by Suhyuk, he looked at him with an anguishing face.

"Who are you...?" Obviously he was shocked.

'What a big trouble it would be if he were struck with concussion!' Suhyuk's heart sank.

'That face of a middle-aged man's, which I have seen before in my passing memories. He must be Hana's father. What if he dies from concussion here?'

"Thank you for helping me."

He gave Suhyuk a rice and soup bowl.

A man in his mid-50s. Fortunately, he was not hurt, and offered him a rice and soup bowl in return for his help.

"Thanks for the food," said Suhyuk.

His heart ached when he saw him going limp.

Images of him holding up the H-Beam for him, and the collapsing beam shone like a flash of light in his eyes. Fully choked up with tears, he could not swallow the rice, nor raise his spoon.

"What's wrong with you?" He came to Suhyuk with an anxious expression.

Even though he tried to hide it, Suhyuk could see him limping.

It was not a slight limp, but a very serious one.

At that moment Suhyuk felt he could not sit down carelessly.

"I'm sorry!" Suhyuk knelt down on the spot.

"What are you talking about? Sorry for what? You helped me..."

He was surprised and the customers in the store were as well.

"You had the accident because of me. I didn't know it until..."

Suhyuk told him the truth with a wet voice. He did for him nothing good. He was fully choked up with his emotions running high.

"It's okay, it's okay. Those things can happen."

Only then did he recognize Suhyuk and nodded his head with a smile.

It was something that happened in the past. Though he felt bitter and angry about Suhyuk, it was an accident in the past. As he did not forget about it and came back like this, it was okay to him. This might be called an act of providence in a way.

"I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry."

Suhyuk, kneeling before him, could not have the heart to get up.

"I told you it's okay."

He forcibly raised him, so he could sit down.

"You didn't push me out there on purpose. You can make a mistake as you're young."

He knocked him softly on the back.

'How could I have done that to a kind-hearted man like this... '

After all, hot tears rained down on his cheek.

Suhyuk noticed his bare feet when he fell down.

Deep scars from the calf down to the ankle. Maybe many more above his legs.

However, Suhyuk could feel from instinct how serious his condition was.

In his case, the compound fractures were severe.

'It seems as the initial correctional treatment was done wrong, the bones' adhesion with the surrounding tissues progressed. The condition is so bad... '

Compared to normal fractures, compound fractures break apart the bones. If one is lucky, it will not be a problem, but if one is not, it will destroy the surrounding tissues, muscles and nerves. So, surgery is almost always necessary. Even if you do surgery, the subsequent treatment must be done well. Correctional treatment is exactly what it means to rectify and correct.

Given the condition of Hana's father's condition, it was clear the treatment at that time was done wrong. If his condition is left untreated like that, it will be impossible to recover it to normal.

Suhyuk's face became increasingly dark.

"Did you go to the hospital to have your legs treated?" asked Suhyuk.

Surprised at the question, Hana's father, who had been cheering him up, shook his head with a bitter smile at him who was wiping tears.

"It's been quite a long time that's passed..."

"I'll fix it by all means," vowed Suhyuk.

"What?" He said with a perplexed look.

"I'll fix it, no matter what happens," Suhyuk vowed and vowed again.

"Haha... are you attending a medical school?"

"Ah, yes..."

"Hahaha. Well, good, I beg your favor. To be honest, I feel it's a little uncomfortable."

He laughed a hearty laugh. Of course he did not believe it.

Actually he had visited many clinics.

'How soon can a student who just got admitted at a medical college learn medical skill and fix it? If he could fix it if he makes use of stem cells, it will be the hot topic for some time.'

"No matter what happens, I will fix it," said Suhyuk.

There was someone looking at all of this in front of the door.

It was none other than Kim Hana.

She saw him helping her father and kneeling before him.

'How come you're here and for what?'

Stunned, she hid herself from him, and watched what happened all along since then.

She saw him weeping very, very sadly.

'If that's a lie, he could be called the best character actor in the country... What should I do?'

She found herself trembling with conflicting thoughts while looking at the wrapped package in her hands. Inside the package was a taffy gift for someone taking the SAT.

She was going to give it to Suhyuk tomorrow, on SAT day.

'If Suhyuk ate it, he could not do well in SAT. What a baddy... Why did you come here?'

She bit her lips even without realizing how pale her hands become from holding the package tight enough to cramp it.

'What should I do, what should I do... '



The next day.

Suhyuk and Dongsu, who had met early, took a taxi.

Dongsu offered a sticky rice cake.

"Did you buy it?"

"Mom asks us to eat it and do well in the SAT," said Dongsu.

"It's delicious."

"She says she bought it at a temple. I don't know what the ingredients are..."

At that moment, Dongsu glared in his eyes.

Swing!

Suddenly, a minivan stopped the taxi.

Fortunately, there was no accident thanks to the taxi driver's skillful action.

The taxi driver got out and hurled abuse, "Hey, you crazy bastard! Can't you drive right?"

As soon as he shouted, three guys looking like gangsters rushed toward him.

"I do not have time, so open the door quickly."

"Who are you?"

"Damn it! Just open your door quickly! I have some business with these kids, so don't worry."

"Yes, yes..."

As the locks on the car were unlocked, they opened the door, shouting, "Come out!"

Dongsu stared at them sharply.

Chapter 32

"Who the hell are you mister?"

"Just come out. Don't talk anymore!"

A man held Dongsu's shoulders with hands as rough as a cauldron lid.

Dongsu was not the type to be easy prey.

He kicked the man right in the chest.

Puk! He was knocked out by Dongsu's kicking, which was the beginning of the fighting.

Their faces became more and more fierce.

"Well... these days kids don't know how to respect adults."

As soon as they said that, they were forcibly dragging Suhyuk and Dongsu out of the car.

Suhyuk and Dongsu tried to hold out, but were outpowered.

"Hey. Let go your hold on me!" shouted Dongsu.

Dragged out the car, Dongsu was tussling with them. That was also true for Suhyuk.

Beaten three times, Suhyuk would punch back only once.

He only aimed at the guy's jaw, but he kept avoiding hitting him. That made the guy become off guard.

"Hey, little boy, come with us quietly before you get a hard punch."

The moment he tried to grab Suhyuk's hair, Suhyuk hit the guy's jaw with his fist.

Stumbling a bit, the guy put his hands on the wall to regain balance because his brain was shaken. Suhyuk did not miss that chance. He once more punched the guy.

The guy fell down, but stood up and down repeatedly like a drunk man.

Suhyuk quickly turned around.

Dongsu was in a dogfight with the other two men.

The victory of the fight gradually leaned toward Dongsu. He knocked them down soundly.

Still fuming, he spit out some thick blood from his mouth, which got stuck to the ground like phlegm. His mouth was busted. Blood stained and was oozing out from some of his torn face.

“Who the hell are you, bastard?” asked Dongsu, grabbing the guy by the collar.

At that moment, Suhyuk said, “Dongsu, let’s just go!”

Whoever the three men were, both of them would be late for the SAT if they did not hurry up.

However, they could not catch a taxi anywhere.

Did someone report to the police about this fight?

“Son of a bitch!”

Dongsu, who had been grabbing the man by the collar, threw him away and turned back.

“Suhyuk!” shouted Dongsu at him suddenly, glaring in his eyes.

Some guy was hitting him behind with a caber. The caber was seen floating in the air after hitting the crown of his head. A gush of fresh blood was coming out it.

“Son of a bitch!” Dongsu kicked hard on the guy’s chest, and then beat him relentlessly.

“Are you okay?” Dongsu helped Suhyuk out after he beat the guy to a pulp.

Not only blood came from his head, but his whole body was all covered with wounds.

Suhyuk barely uttered, “Let’s go to take the SAT.”

“You must go to the hospital first.”

Suhyuk, who was limping on his leg, stopped and looked at Dongsu with a drowsy look.

"Dongsu, we have to go to take the SAT."

'How much time and energy have I spent to prepare for the SAT? Not just myself but Dongsu, too.'

"You weirdo, son of a bitch!"

'He must be crazy to talk about the test when he's beaten like that,' Dongsu thought to himself.

Looking at Suhyuk's pupils quietly, Dongsu gave a sigh.

"Damn it. Let's go!"

Both of them soon went out to the street to catch a taxi.

As they were in an out-of-the way place for a taxi, there were few people or cars passing by.

"Damn it..." It was the same situation in the big streets. There were many cars stopped in line, but no taxi was in sight.

Dongsu made a phone call for a taxi, but only heard that the line was busy or a message saying it would take a long time to call one.

"Damn it. It sucks!"

At that moment, one particular person came to his mind like a lightning bolt.

He called without hesitation.

"Hey, Dongsu. How come you called me? Did you arrive well?" It was Kim Hyunwoo's voice.

"No, not yet, because we had a fight with some crazy guys."

"What the heck? Fight?"

Dongsu quickly explained what happened.

Kim Hyunwoo, who was holding a game joystick at home, stopped the button.

"Were you hurt a lot?"

"I'm fine, but Suhyuk was hurt a lot."

"Can you walk?"

"Barely."

"Then, hurry up. You don't have any time to call me like this."

"We can't catch a taxi..."

Kim moved his hand to the joystick, and said, "I'm busy again. Have a good test!"

Kim hung up the phone lightly.

"Again I'm beaten," Scratching his head, he turned on the TV.

Reports about the SAT highlighted the TV news hour.

"They must be having a hard time today," said Kim.

He rose from his seat and stretched himself.



Suhyuk and Dongsu noticed a taxi driving fast toward them.

As the light was on, it was obvious that it was an empty taxi.

However, the taxi did not slow down even though they waved their hands.

Eventually Dongsu dashed into the road toward the taxi.

Honk!

The taxi came to a sudden stop with a honking sound big enough to hit his eardrum, and the driver popped his face out the side of the window.

"Are you crazy? You want to die?"

Dongsu did not care about the driver's swearing, and flung the car door open.

"Hey, let me give you double or triple the taxi fare!"

The driver, who distorted his face a little before, began to relax.

"Are you on the way to the SAT? You should not be late. Get in!"

The driver was stunned at Suhyuk getting in.

"What's wrong with you? Were you hurt?"

Blood stains here and there.

"Oh, because I fell down. I don't have much time to get to the test place. Hurry up, please."

"Alright."

The taxi soon left.

Inside Suhyuk took off his T-shirt, and rinsed his face. He also cleaned the blood on the jumper. A sigh came out of Dongsu's mouth, who had been watching him all along.

Suhyuk felt some sharp pain on his ankles.

After arriving at the test site, Suhyuk moved without hesitation, ignoring the pain.

Then he heard a woman's voice coming from the side.

"Student Suhyuk!"

It was Han Jihye, who became a regular reporter now.

Looking Suhyuk's face squarely, she could not speak.

How can a handsome kid's face become...

She barely uttered, "What's wrong with your face? Did you have accident on the way here?"

She gave him some disposable tissues quickly.

Suhyuk made an unnatural smile, saying, "I fell down."

"Are you okay? How did you fall down? Are you really okay?"

"Does not matter."

Suhyuk's gaze moved toward her hands. She was holding a recorder.

Detecting her intention, he made a sorry expression, saying, "I might be late. Talk to you later."

"Okay, never mind. Just go!" said she.

"I'll see you later."

After exchanging greetings with her, Suhyuk turned back, helped by Dongsu. Suhyuk was limping in the distance.

Han, looking at him with a worried look, gathered her hands and shouted, "You know many people are cheering you, right? Go Lee Suhyuk!"

Her voice created a small smile on his face.

Until then, Suhyuk did not know about it. Someone had been watching him in the distance.

With arms folded, he was standing against the school main gate.

It was Kim Hyunwoo.

"Yes, no matter how hard it is, you have to overcome it by yourself. Like now," muttered Kim with a light smile.



"Huh..."

At the test site Suhyuk found his seat and took a deep breath.

Then he wiped off the nosebleeds and sticky blood coming from his hair with a tissue.

"Are you okay?"

Suhyuk smiled as brightly as he could when the proctor showed an uneasy expression.

"It's okay."

Suhyuk's eyes looked determined.

"If you feel you can't endure it, please tell me right away."

"Yeah."

The proctor went back to his place, and Suhyuk pulled out his ink pen.

His whole body was screaming, and his head was throbbing like he had a migraine.

Suhyuk rolled up his pants and observed around his ankle.

It looked red and bruised. It was bruised due to internal cell hemorrhage.

Even if he did not take any action, it will heal over time.

And the next problem is the head. He felt a pain accompanied by the feeling that a ball bounces on the head. Checking the symptoms, *'It's okay, It's just external damage,'* He said to himself.

But it made him feel more painful.

"You can be disadvantaged by being escorted out when you get caught cheating. Okay, let's get started," the proctor said.

Test papers were handed out to the students, and Suhyuk got one.

Drip, drip.

Drops of blood from the head and nose dripped onto his test paper.

'I have done my best until today for this test. I can't let this pain stand in the way.'

His eyes began to shine sharply.



An air of loneliness dominated his study.

Clang, clang.

Pieces of ice in his cup sounded loud and broke the silence.

After drinking a sip of foreign liquor, he said, "Insoo."

"Yes, Dad"

"Have you ever seen a lion playing with a hyena?"

"No, Never..."

"Okay. The lion is supposed to act like a lion, and hyenas must eat rotten meat like hyenas. If you pay even a little attention to such dirty things, there will come along a dirty disease like this time."

Insoo solicited help from a private detective agency to cause Suhyuk and Dongsu trouble, and that incident was reported in the press. Although the identity of the person behind it was not revealed, even that mention disappeared from the press quickly because his father took measures in advance.

"I'll keep it in mind." Insoo said.

"Now, what are you going to do," asked his father, taking the cup to his lips.

Insoo replied without any agony, "I want to go abroad to study for a brief period."

Insoo's father nodded his head slowly.

"Okay, go and return to being a lion overlooking everything."



Time passed by fast enough to make one feel their past events as distant memories.

Nonetheless, it was not such a long time.

Suhyuk looked at the door before his eyes calmly, where he was supposed to have an interview test.

There were really many ups and downs for him to come to this point.

At the end of the day, he managed to achieve his goal, which he was content with.

When he entered the door, those looking into the applicants' papers gazed their eyes at him.

They were none other than the faculty of Daehan Medical School.

"You are that famous Lee Suhyuk."

Chapter 33

Suhyuk smiled awkwardly, scratching his head.

He knew there were sometimes those who recognized his face on the streets, but he always found himself feeling awkward in situations like that.

"What motivated you to apply to our medical school among many others?" asked a professor.

Suhyuk replied, "To be honest, I applied to two other schools."

The professors present at the interview test smiled dumbfoundedly.

Is it not normal for an applicant to say 'No', even if he applied to other schools?

In interview tests, applicants say the same thing: *'I really want to be admitted to this school. If I fail, I want to come back to this same school on the second try.'* Though in actuality they applied to many other schools.

"If that's the case, it doesn't matter even if you fail this time, right? With your score, you could be admitted to other schools easily," said a woman professor.

Suhyuk smiled bitterly, answering "Yes..."

Out of many medical schools in Korea, Daehan Medical School is recognized as the best.

Given the choice, it would be better for him to be admitted to Daehan MS.

"Lee Suhyuk," A professor at the end of the line asked blankly, "If you have another emergency patient, will you take action without hesitation like before? Without any medical license?"

His eyes shone sharply as he gazed at Suhyuk.

"Yes," said Suhyuk before he knew it.

The professor who asked the question opened his mouth, nodding his head, "Cheer up!"

What does that mean?

"Next student!"

Suhyuk's interview test ended just like that.

When Suhyuk came out, he gave a short sigh.

A too business-like tone of the professors, and a relatively short interview time, compared with other students. 'Cheer up...' He really felt uneasy.



On a particular Sunday a few days since the interview test.

Kim Myunghee was busy preparing lunch. She wore a constant smile on her face. Her son was admitted to two medical schools out of three, and those were first-rate schools recognized by everybody.

"Where is Suhyuk?" his father asked, who came out of his room, sat on the sofa and turned on the TV.

"I gave him some errands."

"Why didn't you do the errands by yourself?"

"Honey, don't you know his character? He just insisted he should do the errands. How can I stop him? You know how obstinate he is!"

He nodded at his wife's words.

His son is the type of person who massages his shoulders for more than one hour when he asks him to stop. He also buys gifts for their parents when they give him pocket money for his food or clothes. He was such a thick head.

With a slight smile, he quietly muttered, "Whose son could he be... haha."

At that moment he turned his head to the side after hearing a beeping sound.

It was from Suhyuk's cell phone.

He was so absent-minded to leave his cell phone behind when he went out on the errands.

"This is my son's cell phone..."

"Hello, this is Daehan Medical School..."

His eyes were glaring.

"What, he was admitted?"

"Yes, he was. Normally, we don't call you to inform of someone's admittance at our school, but we're doing it now to implore him to come to our school by all means."

His eyes became much wider. Surprise after surprise.

"Full scholarship!"

"Yes, because he was admitted as the top student..."

At that moment, Suhyuk came into the front porch.

He made a curious expression because they were standing blankly while gazing at him.

"Why are you..."

His mom suddenly spoke, "Son, tell me what you want to eat."

And his father also said, "Let's eat out."



The beer house was clamorous with a welcome reception for new students.

They were none other than the freshmen in Daehan Medical School.

"Now, fill the cups!"

At the shouting of seniors, all the freshmen got up and raised their cups.

"All of you have gone to so much trouble for coming here. I don't want to say much. Welcome to hell. Cheers!"

Six long years' study to finish medical classes. It's far from easy.

The transition period from the second year in medical school to the third; that's the only time when you can enjoy romance on campus. After that, you are embarking on

the road as a genuine medical student when you can hardly find enough time for studying even if you work through the nights. It was as if you stepped into the door of hell.

"Cheers!"

Everyone drank alcohol at once.

Among them was Suhyuk.

Putting down the cup, he was scratching his head with an awkward smile.

For those seated at the same table were focused on him.

He was highlighted on TV and the internet for some time, and his name Lee Suhyuk.

They saw him as if they were looking at entertainers.

"How many people did you save?"

"Did you open the cricothyroid membrane?"

"Even the perforation?"

That is a skill that must be precisely cut between the cricoid cartilage and the cricothyroid cartilage beneath it without any error. If the blade of the scalpel is 1cm off the surgery section, the artery and vein are injured instantly. It seemed as if his surgery, which involved cutting of the throat, were seen in a movie, and the aid he gave happened in a classroom. It would be more appropriate to describe his action as performing a surgery.

Suhyuk nodded his head shyly.

And his freshman friends shook their heads as if it were a great accomplishment.

But they felt wary of him. It made them tremble even to think of participating in anatomy class.

Yet the dude in front of them made a perfect outcome by putting a knife on a living person's throat. He's like a monster. This opponent will be a competitor in the future. Their eyes turned dark. They just felt hopeless when they thought of having him as a rival later.

"Shall we play games?"

Everyone positively responded to the proposal of a woman student who wore rimmed glasses. There is nothing like a game to get close to each other.

"How about a market game?"

"Okay!!"

"Let's tackle questions about the cerebrum like medical students," said one.

Everyone cast a confident look at that.

As all of them were dreaming of becoming a doctor, they had most of the medical terms at their fingertips.

"Okay, let me start. As for the cerebrum, it has a central sulcus, callosal sulcus..." Now it was Suhyuk's turn. He opened his mouth instantly, picking up where the other one left off.

"If you look at the cerebrum, there are the central sulcus, callosal sulcus, pontine bridge, hypoplasia, hypothalamus, navel..."

Those watching Suhyuk showed blank expressions. It looked as if he were pouring out all the medical terms on the cerebrum. Did he get them all correct? He mentioned many medical terms that were unfamiliar to them.

"Don't you want to resume?"

Suhyuk, with an innocent expression, said to a female student sitting next to him.

She closed her open lips instantly because he had already mentioned all that she could think of.

"Hey, this is not a game where you say all the medical terms you know. All you have to do is just mention the next one right after someone is done..."

Only then could Suhyuk make sense of what she meant by that.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I've never played a game like this before."

The students around him shook their heads.

"You're a monster, monster."

The atmosphere of the welcome reception was heightening.

While they were drinking like that, Suhyuk went to the bathroom.

"Huh..." Suhyuk looked in the mirror, and said to himself, "Now it is the beginning. Now."

How many things are there that he has to learn? Or has he already mastered them all?

A strange sense of excitement made his heart pound.

'I won't miss even a little piece of medical knowledge. In order to cure the legs of Hana's father, I'll get whatever medical information I can into my head. Go Lee Suhyuk!'

After pushing himself to reconfirm his determination, he went out of the bathroom.

"Ah!" A woman groaned a small moan.

Staggering to find a bathroom, she ran into him.

"Are you okay?" asked Suhyuk.

Putting her hands on the wall, she swept up her long straight hair. A beauty with a kitty face.

"Uh?" She lifted her finger and pointed at Suhyuk.

Then she slurred, "Lee Suhyuk!"

Suhyuk instantly held her who was about to fall down.

"Hello, I guess you've had a lot of drinks, madame."

"No honorifics, please. Like you, I'm a freshman. Just use casual words with me. I thought I could meet you if I came here to Daehan MS. I was right! I thought I could see you when I came to the medical school here."

Recalling the news about him, she giggled, but Suhyuk did not notice it.

"You stay here. Let me use the bathroom. You should stay here, okay?"

She lifted her fingers and pointed at him.

When Suhyuk nodded, she went inside the bathroom.

Did ten minutes pass by?

'Was she asleep?'

She could be, because she was very drunk.

Suhyuk gave up waiting and turned back to inform other female students.

"I told you to wait. Were you leaving..." said she who just came out of the bathroom, leering at him with half-closed eyes.

"I have not left yet," said Suhyuk bitterly.

She laughed. Her cheeks, which became reddish with intoxication, made her beauty more striking.

"Let's go get a drink!" said she, dragging him along.

"Where is your seat?" a male voice stopped her.

He was a sophomore student, her immediate senior.

"I just wanted to exchange greetings with my friends here..." said she with utmost courtesy, controlling her slurring tongue.

"You can do it later, you've got plenty of time. Just continue the game you've been playing."

She hesitated for a moment. She wanted to talk and make acquaintances with other freshman friends, but he would not let her do so. Choi Suryon's agony did not last long. He was a senior she had to respect absolutely.

"Yes, sir!" With a bright smile, she went back to her seat.

However, she was forcibly asked to keep drinking.

"This time, let's do the nervous system word game," said a freshman.

Suhyuk wore a confident look at that suggestion.

"Hey, you shouldn't mention all the terms like before, okay?"

"Hahaha, how does he not know the word relay game like this?"

After that, Suhyuk did not even touch a drink, because he never lost in the game.

“Suhyuk, just drink a cup like us. It’s no fun if you alone stay sober like that.”

Like he said, all the freshmen’s faces became reddish with intoxication, except for Suhyuk.

Their intense eyes were focused on Suhyuk.

“Okay.”

Suhyuk felt he would have no fun if he alone stayed sober.

No sooner did he say that than his cup was filled with soju to the brim.

“This is too much...” Suhyuk said, taking the cup to his lips.

At that moment. "Hey! Choi Suryon! Come to your senses!"

A raucous noise was heard from behind.

“What? I thought you were sleeping.”

“Wake up!”

Everyone's eyes were fixed on Choi and the table where the seniors were seated.

Suhyuk, who put the cup down, looked at her.

"Hey ! Choi Suryun! "

One senior kept shaking her slim shoulders.

Suhyuk, who fixed his gaze on her, knitted his brows.

Chapter 34

Kwon Jaeik. He was a senior by just one year. It was Kwon who forced her to keep drinking to the point she passed out like that. However hard they shook her by the shoulder, she did not wake up.

“Did she get acute alcohol poisoning?!” someone shouted.

Several medical students diagnosed her condition.

However, Suhyuk had a different opinion. Even if they have acute alcoholism, most of the people have consciousness. Nonetheless, she showed no movement at all. Was the blood alcohol level in her beyond the permissible point, where it cannot be dissolved?

Suhyuk said urgently, “Can she breathe?”

Everyone cast their eyes at Suhyuk. It was Suhyuk who saved several people’s lives, which was reported in the press. His power of influence made them step back.

He approached her without hesitation and checked instantly her breathing condition.

“She is breathing,” he said. How fortunate for her.

At that moment, Kwon, already very drunk, took his hand to her mouth and said, “I have to have her vomit!”

“No way!” Suhyuk snatched away his hands.

As a rule it’s good to help a person with acute alcoholism to vomit.

However, she has no consciousness at the moment.

If she were forced to vomit, it could block her airway while it’s coming up.

“Let go your hold of me, son of a bitch. What the heck do you know, rookie!”

He pulled away Suhyuk’s hands roughly.

At that moment, someone stretched his hands suddenly to pull away Kwon’s wrist.

He was Mr. Park Jongmin, a second-year senior.

“I think Suhyuk is right,” he said, looking at Suhyuk.

“Why can’t I do it?” asked Kwon.

“Well, her airway could be blocked while vomiting, and if she can’t breathe...”

In that case, it would be the worst situation.

“Oh, you’re right,” said Kwon.

Park smiled slightly after hearing Kwon’s response that he had wanted.

After breathing a sigh, Kwon took steps away from her.

That’s the best measure that came to his mind.

“Yeah, that’s right.”

Kwon reproached himself after reflecting on his attempt to give first aid when he was intoxicated.

“Shouldn’t we take action quickly?” said Park, gesturing with his eyes towards Choi who had no consciousness.

As if he were waiting for that kind of direction, Suhyuk pinched her forearm hard to rouse her consciousness by applying stimulation like that. No consciousness, after all.

Her breathing was unstable, but her pulse was normal. Suhyuk knitted his brows. Her temperature is normal. However hard he tried to figure it out, he could not easily find an answer. Suhyuk opened his mouth urgently, “I’m afraid we had better take her to the hospital quickly.”

After she has her stomach pumped or gets an IV to break down the alcohol in her body, she needs to have a careful examination with a medical device.

“Okay, take her to the hospital as it’s located nearby.”

Without hesitation, he carried her on his back and left for the door.

“How could Suryon become like that...”

“She will be alright.”

The freshmen at the place voiced worrisome remarks and some of them followed him

to the door.

“So, why did you force her to drink that much?” said Park, patting Kwon on the back, who had been blaming himself on that.

“You’re right. I think I have to follow him,” said Kwon. It’s only natural that he takes responsibility as he made her drunk like that.

After Kwon went out. Park had them clean up the place.

“Hey guys, she will be alright. So don’t worry too much and have fun!”

It was really an unexpected accident. It’s alright to end the welcome reception party at that point, but it would just be bad if they broke up the party with a gloomy atmosphere. It’s important that they stand by and find out her condition. All the more for the freshmen who were surprised a lot.



Suhyuk was stepping down the stairs urgently, carrying her on his back.

‘It’s about ten-minutes’ walking distance to the hospital.’

When he was trying to get out the beer house, he heard something like, “To the left!”

Did he hear something wrong? Suhyuk’s head turned to the side slowly.

“To the left, to the left,” she was mumbling like that, “Hurry up, hurry!”

“Uh, uh,” muttered Suhyuk.

With a blank face, Suhyuk went into an alley.

“Have you regained consciousness?” he asked.

“To the right”

“Uh, uh, okay.”

Coming out back to the street after walking through alleys, Suhyuk was wearing a dumbfounded expression.

“Put me down now,” she said.

She was now standing like a normal person when she had been carried on Suhyuk's back only a minute ago.

"Ooops... It really aches."

She was rubbing her forearm roughly, where Suhyuk pinched hard.

"How could you..."

"My father told me I have to take care of my own body."

She pretend to be asleep at the place, because she felt like she would pass out if she had more drinks.

Even though she wanted to say 'I'm okay.' and open her eyes, it was the timing that bothered her, because she had been treated as if she were a patient. If she woke up like a normal person, she could be the target of their witch-hunting because her act shocked everybody.

"See you tomorrow!"

Winking at him, she took a taxi and left quickly.

With a blank face, Suhyuk was watching the taxi disappearing away.



Coming back to the beer house, Suhyuk got everybody's attention.

"Where have you been?"

"We couldn't find you at the hospital. What happened? Where is Suryon?"

'How should I explain? She took a taxi and went home?'

Suhyuk, with a perplexed look, scratched his head, and said, "She went away..."

Their eyes became wider.

"What?"

"Where did she go? "

"Oh, no, she didn't die, right?"

Suhyuk spoke again, “She escaped...”

Chapter 35

A liberal arts lecture was in full swing. A back door opened quietly and a female student was sneaking into the classroom. Her walking gestures, while she was looking for an empty seat, conjured up an image of a cat. It was Choi Suryon. Looking around with shining eyes, she took a seat right next to Suhyuk. Taking out her book carefully, she whispered to him, "What happened yesterday?"

Suhyuk, his eyes fixed on the professor, replied briefly, "You'd better be ready."

She sighed a long sigh. Little did she think things would escalate into such a big deal.

She pretended to sleep and then became a patient in an instant. Without that, however, she felt like she would pass out. And the drunk senior was casting his gaze at her body here and there. The method she thought of as the best became the worst.

"Huh..."

After breathing a sigh, she soon began to focus on the professor's voice.

"Okay. Submit your report by the next lecture."

As soon as the lecture ended, Suhyuk rose up.

Then, Choi's voice filled the lecture room.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to do that... I am really sorry, seniors and fellow friends."

Standing at the side of the podium, she, waving her long hair, repeatedly bowed.

Some girls approached her and comforted her, saying they understood her and that it could happen. Suhyuk went out with a smile.



Day after day passed by. Suhyuk's life was monotonous.*

After lectures, he visited Kim Hyunwoo's house and met his mother.

That evening was no exception.

Returning home, Suhyuk was on the bus. At that moment, he heard his cell phone ringing. After confirming it was his, Suhyuk smiled. It was from Dongsu.

"Hello."

(Hey, it's your brother. How about a drink today?)

"I know you don't drink much. You still want to?"

(It's you who drinks like a madman.)

"Where do you want to see me?"

(I'll meet you near your house. At the same place we ate, that grilled pork belly house.)

"Sure. actually I was still going home. It will take about 20 minutes."

(Okay, it will take me as much time to get there.)

Suhyuk, who stopped the phone, looked at his cell phone and laughed.

It's been almost a month since he met Dongsu.

He looked at the scenery passing through the window.

Time flew like an arrow.

Even if he were in high school uniform now, he would not feel that awkward.

Nonetheless, he had already become a college student. Looking out with a drowsy look, Suhyuk raised his head suddenly as there was shade hanging over him.

When did she get on? He saw an old woman standing before him with a bundle.

He stood up suddenly, saying, "Please sit here."

"Oh, I'm good. A student like you should sit."

Suhyuk got out of the seat, saying to her, "Please have a seat."

"Oh, you don't have to. Thanks anyway. You're a good-hearted boy."

The old woman sat down and gave him a candy.

"Thank you," Suhyuk put it into his mouth without declining it, "It's so delicious."

She, with a mix of laugh and wrinkles on her face, pounded at her knees softly.

Suhyuk knitted his brows at that.

He showed reactions at any person even with a slight pain, which he himself did not realise.

"Are you feeling uncomfortable in your knees?" asked Suhyuk.

She laughed again.

"If you get old, your body gets broken."

Suhyuk nodded his head with a sad expression before he knew it. When one gets old, one's body becomes weaker and weaker. No one can stop it.

The best one could do is to delay it with physical exercise as much as possible.

"Are you working?" asked Suhyuk.

"Well, I'm just playing in my garden."

"Don't you usually walk too much or lift heavy stuff as a rule?"

She rubbed her knee that she had been patting.

She felt as if a doctor were questioning her.

"I can not do it now because I don't have physical strength."

"How about your condition in the past? Did you feel pain in your knees then?"

She shook her head in the negative.

"It's okay, it's okay."

Suhyuk slowly nodded his head. As he guessed, osteoarthritis seemed to be the cause off the knee pain. Time has shrunk cartilage surrounding the grandmother's knee joints. It's the time of her life that only flew like an arrow that caused osteoarthritis. What if her condition remains untreated...

"May I touch your knees?"

"Huh?"

Suhyuk's hand already reached her knees. After he touched her knees carefully, he smiled a little smile before he knew it. Fortunately he did not feel any convex. In other words, there was no inflammation between the joints and the lubrication sac wrapped with the lubricant. It has not progressed to bursitis.

"Next stop is... And the next stop is..." came out an announcement on the destination.

Suhyuk took a big breath at the announcement. Surgery was the best way to cure it.

"Madame, please listen to me."

"Huh?"

Suhyuk said at once, "Do not squat as usual, do not lift heavy stuff. Please eat a lot of minced seaweed, kelp, and vegetables that are rich in minerals such as magnesium, calcium, and zinc. It's important to eat various kinds of food. And stop by a hospital for a check-up by all means. You'll get better with medication or physical therapy alone."

"Huh?"

She opened her eyes wider, wondering what he was talking about.

The bus door opened, and Suhyuk looked at her briefly. Then he turned his head quickly and squatted near her. He smiled at her, who now looking up at him.

"Well, I mean..." The bus departed when he spoke.



The pork belly was grilling over a large pot lid with a delicious smell.

At that moment the door opened and a handsome young man came in.

Dongsu opened his mouth roughly, "Hey, what time is it now man? Did you see an emergency patient?"

Suhyuk sat at the table with a smile and said, "Sorry, sorry."

Grilled pork belly and soju.

They traded soju cups several times and the atmosphere was heightening.

They emptied 4 bottles of soju already. Dongsu offered a cup of soju to him, "Drink it!"

Hitting the glass against Dongsu's, he shook his head.

Dongsu really studied hard, but his effort was overshadowed by other students at Jaemyung HS. After he put down the cup, Suhyuk said as a joke, "I still cannot believe that you were admitted at a law school."

"Hey, as for me, there is nothing I can't do, if I try. Right?"

Suhyuk laughed at his words, and drank soju. He knew he would make it because he really worked very hard.

"How is your school life?"

Dongsu shook his head loudly and said, "Oh, boy. it's a bunch of nerds. And they drink a lot. Of course they don't drink as much as you."

In his eyes, Suhyuk was a monster. An alcohol monster.

When he had a drink with Suhyuk, he passed out before he knew it, and woke up back home after his mother hit him on the back.

'Suhyuk carried you here on his back,' said his mom.

According to her, he always carried him home on his back.

'But today is different. No, it would be different, because I had milk and some liquor for fast sobering.' Dongsu thought to himself.



"Drink!"

The two, clinking their cups, made a pleasant smile. One word came to their minds while they were giggling with each other, namely friend. One hour passed quickly like that.

When Dongsu, whose face became reddish with intoxication, was shaking his head, Suhyuk said, "Work hard. Now is the beginning."

Dongsu nodded his head. Suhyuk was right. Everyone was studying hard whenever they could find time.

"Let's get up!" said Suhyuk.

Dongsu showed a puzzled look at his words, asking, "Already? It's not yet 12am?"

"Well, I have some work to do tomorrow. I should not smell of alcohol."

Dongsu drank up the cup at once. He did not want to bother Suhyuk anymore.

When he was standing up, Dongsu stumbled.

"Did you get drunk again?"

At Suhyuk's words, Dongsu opened his eyes sternly and stood upright.

"I'm not drunk. Let's go!"

As soon as the store door opened, Dongsu swayed his body as if he were falling down. Fortunately, Suhyuk held him.

"Hey. I'm drunk."

"So drink moderately, moderately!"

Dongsu laughed loud, helped by Suhyuk, and said, "I feel so good today. Here comes a law school student. Ha ha ha!"



Suhyuk had to be still like a stone statue.

A man who looks the same as himself before his eyes.

It was as if he was no different from him reflected in the mirror. In his hand, the mess that showed his skill turned round and round.

"What is so funny about playing doctor like this..."

Suddenly, his gaze, which was playing with a scalpel, stuck to Suhyuk. And he made a gentle smile. Suhyuk stepped backward, and that made his smile even colder.

"You are not funny these days."

What does he mean? Suhyuk had no time to think because he, grabbing the scalpel, was approaching him.

"Come back again, as you were before."

Suhyuk, who could not move back because of the wall, opened his eyes sternly. The sharp scalpel he was holding was falling to his neck.

At that moment, Suhyuk raised his upper body suddenly.

Looking around quickly, he soon sighed.

It was a dream. He wiped off his forehead soaked in sweat. He had cold sweat on his whole body. Nightmare. It seemed like he had a similar dream for a week.

Ticking.

The wall clock pointed to 6 o'clock in the morning.

Suhyuk, who rose from his seat, took a shower and went out.

Suhyuk's face, who was climbing up the steep stairs, was dirty as if he played with black charcoal. It was because he was carrying on his back an A-frame packed with a lot of briquettes. He was helping as a volunteer. If he put his name on the list of volunteers, he could add a credit on his liberal arts class.

"Whoo..."

Suhyuk stopped for a moment and sighed.

"Now cheer up. We've got only 10 more houses."

After wiping his sweat, he moved again.

"Thank you very much sir. I have nothing else to offer than this. Please have this."

An elderly woman with a bent back gave yogurt to the volunteers.

Suhyuk got one and drank it.

"Let's move to another place!"

Suhyuk moved out of the door at the voice of the volunteer director.

At that moment, he turned his head again and fixed his gaze on the elderly woman touching the briquettes. She wore slippers without socks. And her feet were quite swollen.

"Were you hurt?"

She smiled at his question.

"It's okay, do not bother because it's okay."

"I think you should go to a hospital"

At a glance, it is full of irritation.

"I'll be alright. Why should I go to a hospital to spend money?"

She was wearing a warm smile, but Suhyuk gave a sigh before he knew it.

She did not get any treatment because she had no money. Not only here but in other areas, there were many elderly people who suffered from their painful bodies. Instead of going to the hospital, they relied on home remedies to treat their sickness. Worse, he saw one elderly man applying soybean paste to his wound.

"What are you doing Mr Lee?"

"Oh, yes, I'm coming now," Suhyuk said, looking at her.

"Thanks for the yogurt."

After that, his delivery of briquettes lasted three more hours.

As the sun was setting gradually and the sky was turning red, the volunteers were able to finish their work with a proud smile.

"Thank you for all of your hard work. Good job. We're going to have dinner at the hangover soup house nearby. So don't miss it, everybody!"

Suhyuk ignored it lightly and headed home. He washed and ate dinner, and then closed his eyes to sleep. Was it because he delivered briquettes without resting all day?

Fatigue made his body exhausted. He felt like going to sleep immediately, but could not sleep easily. He tossed and turned for two hours.

Those living in poor hillside villages were laughing brightly even though they were sick.

Their images continued to haunt him when he ate or washed his hair.



Suhyuk, who woke up in the morning, went out of school after finishing all the lectures.

Though Choi Suryon followed him to have lunch together, he declined it giving an excuse, and he went straight to the pharmacy.

When he got inside, a pharmacist wearing a white gown welcomed him.

"Welcome, what would you like to order?"

"Do you have anti-inflammatory drugs? Such as anti-inflammatory drugs, hydrogen peroxide, medilox-f and cottonseed, multivitamins, and glucose amino acids..."

"Could you tell me again?" asked the pharmacist listening to him aghast.

Suhyuk scratched his head. As he was impatient, he spoke fast.

Suhyuk slowly spoke again. All the medicines he mentioned could be bought without a prescription.

"It is 240,000 won in total," said the pharmacist.

Both the talker and the hearer were surprised.

The pharmacist was amazed at the customer who spent over 200,000 won, and Suhyuk was surprised at the amount. He just bought exactly what he needed, but that's about the amount.

But he paid for them without any regret, thinking about those old people massaging their sick bodies even now.

"Take care!" said Suhyuk, getting out the store.

"Be careful and come again," said the pharmacist.

Suhyuk, who went out of the pharmacy, bought other necessary items at other places.

Suhyuk arrived at the hillside village at 5pm.

Before he climbed the steep path like a mountain, he was in a pensive mood, looking at the houses likely to be tilted anytime. How can they live like that? If needed, he could help them with surgery. Of course, he would do so as long as they wanted.

Suhyuk thought briefly on that, and moved again.

'If you decide on your plan, that will bring about a result for you.'

Something in his mind pushed him forward, and without any hesitation.

Suhyuk, who was moving his body, paused for a moment, knitting his brows.

"Oh my god."

He felt a sharp pain in his muscles because he carried some briquettes yesterday.

All his body ached as if it were covered with sore muscles.

After patting his waist several times, he started to step up the stairs again.

The first house he arrived at was in front of a blue gate, whose wall was full of graffiti.

An old man in his 70s with two 7-year-old children lived there. Did he say he was doing manual labor? Suhyuk opened his mouth in front of the door and asked, "Is anybody inside?"

An answer came right away.

"Who is it?"

The door opened, and the old man appeared.

"Huh? Didn't you bring us briquettes?" he asked.

"How have you been sir?" Suhyuk said with a smile.

Chapter 36

Suhyuk went in, and he spread the medicine and other stuff he bought.

"What is all this?"

"Sir, you should not apply soybean paste on the wound."

He read somewhere that the alkaline ammonia that soybean paste contains helps the wound healing by causing the neutralization reaction, but it is not clear, because it was not his specialty. However, one thing he can be sure of is that secondary infection can be caused by soybean paste.

"Sir, can I take a look at the wound?"

The old man nodded, with his eyes opened wide.

Did he steal all this stuff from a pharmacy? There were unknown drugs scattered about.

"Are you a doctor?" asked the old man. He's never seen such a young doctor.

Suhyuk was laughing silently.

"Let me wipe away the soybean paste," Suhyuk said, and carefully removed it from his forearm.

He saw a scar there. However, he could not confirm it because it was covered with soybean paste.

"You will feel a bit sore."

Suhyuk picked up the saline solution. Saline solution is used to remove germs and bacteria, but this was the only thing that he prepared. But even this was a nice preparation.

Suhyuk, who thoroughly cleansed the wound, opened his mouth, "How did you get hurt?"

"I fell down while working."

"Where was it?"

"I fell from the stairs."

Suhyuk's face was a little relieved.

It means that he was not hurt by rusty steel. Still, damaged skin. How much was it damaged?

The skin consists of the epidermis, followed by the dermis and subcutaneous fat. The epidermis is fake skin. The outermost, non-nucleated dead cells are layers that make up the epidermis. When one goes to a public bathhouse, the dirt one cleans from his or her body is this.

And the dermis. This can be said to be real skin. It excretes wastes, and it includes things like the immune cells, sebaceous gland, lymphatic etc, and plays a leading role including in skin nutrition and perception function. The last is subcutaneous fat. It is a layer where fat cells accumulate. It maintains body temperature, protects against physical shocks and damage, and accumulates the energy that the body consumes. Obesity comes naturally when the subcutaneous fat is thickened.

But the old man before his eyes was far from being obese. He had skinny arms like twigs.

After completely removing the impurities on his arms Suhyuk thoroughly examined the wound, and he smiled a little smile. The dermis was damaged, but fortunately the wound was not so deep, so did not have to be sewn. The wound was disinfected once again and the ointment was applied, and band and bandage were applied.

"Grandpa, you should not use soybean paste next time. Otherwise, you'd be in big trouble."

Inflammation came secondary to infection, and if infection is neglected, it causes complications.

If so, the situation can change from light to worst.

"I'm done."

The old man looked at his arms here and there. His arms wrapped with bandages.

Has he ever been treated like this?

"Are you from a public health center?"

Sometimes they would come for volunteer service from the health center.

But the prescription was different. Unlike those who put a stethoscope to him a few times and dropped off medicine, this young man made the old man feel he was like a doctor, or something more than that.

"I've come here for volunteer work, Grandpa, I'll be back."

When Suhyuk turned back, he said, "Eat this once, it's big and very sweet."

It was a few steamed sweet potatoes that he offered.

Exposing his white teeth, Suhyuk took and bit it without peeling it.

"It's delicious."

"Isn't it? I bought them from the market..."

At that moment, the two children living with him came in from the next room.

They were watching the sweet potatoes that he was holding in his hands.

"Now here you go," Suhyuk said, handing them the sweet potatoes.

"Hey, that's for the doctor," said the old man.

"I ate a lot of rice before coming here. I'm full."

When did Suhyuk eat rice? After school he rushed to this place.

Cough!

At the sound of coughing, Suhyuk bent one knee and adjusted his eye level with his.

"You have a cold?"

Then he felt the child's forehead. No fever, no dry cough, which meant he had a light cold. Suhyuk offered medicine.

"Eat sweet potatoes and have this pill before you go to bed, okay?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Do you wash your hands every day?"

Even washing hands everyday can prevent one from catching a cold well enough.

Suhyuk, with a slight smile, turned back to visit the next house.

"Hey! What's your name?"

He heard the grandpa's voice when he was going out, but did not stop and moved to the next destination.

Suhyuk, who visited the old woman's house in the hillside village, was looking at her swollen feet. He thought it was inflammation, but it was pus. It would be better if the drug treatment was done at the same time, but it was certain that she would not go to the hospital to save money. Suhyuk laughed, while looking up at her, "You will feel pain a little. Please be patient as you're an adult," said Suhyuk.

He moved a scalpel, which then reached her feet.

Did blood come out? No. A yellow liquid flowed out instead of blood.

Suhyuk began to touch her feet and squeeze the pus again and again until blood ran out.

It did not last long. With her eyes closed and subtle wrinkles on her face, she opened her eyelids.

Suhyuk disinfected as before and took a bandage in his hand.

The more he put the bandage around her feet, the more uncomfortable he felt.

"This medicine is..."

Suhyuk rephrased his words. His complicated explanation only made her head complicated.

"Please take this medicine three times a day, and your feet will get better soon. If you feel pain or feel uncomfortable, you have to go to the hospital, okay?"

Of course she would not have to go there as a must, because he would come back again.

"You just keep giving me so much... Wait a minute."

Entering the kitchen, she showed up again with corn and some milk.

"This is very delicious. Try it!"

"Thanks for the food!"

Then Suhyuk visited a few more households.

He was able to finish his work and return from the hillside village around 10pm.

He was holding a lot of foods in his hands.

"Oh, they're heavy!"

Corn, plastic bottles of sweet rice drink, boiled sweet potatoes, etc.

Suhyuk's visit lasted for two weeks. And when he did not go there anymore, a rumor was spreading in the hillside village: he was an unnamed white angel, who then flew to heaven with reattached wings.



"Why did you come again? I told you not to!"

With a cold gaze and a rough tone, she asked Suhyuk. He just laughed.

Hana leered at his gesturing like that.

He came to her father's restaurant every weekend to wait tables and do dishes.

Despite her request for him not to come, he still showed a smiling face like he did everyday.

"Go back. Even if you're coming here, there's nothing you can change about it."

She was talking about her dad's legs. He has to forever lead a life with a limp.

"I'll fix it," said Suhyuk.

Hana knitted her brows slightly. That same promise of his again.

"How can you fix it when they said they can't in the hospital...?"

She looked back at him very much embarrassed. For he entered the kitchen through a slight opening even though she was blocking him at the kitchen door.

"I'm here, sir!"

At his voice Hana's father turned his head.

"Why did you come again? I told you not to..."

When he said that, he put his head down because Suhyuk, kneeling on one knee, grabbed his ankle gently.

"How do you feel?"

"I'm okay. I'm not sick and I'm just normal."

Suhyuk nodded his head as he watched his feet carefully.

Suhyuk could not tell him he should take a rest: if he does not move because of his limp, the muscles supporting the legs will become weakened and deteriorate rapidly.

"Do not overwork yourself," Suhyuk, emerging from his seat, once again said to him.

'I'll find out how to fix it. Please wait a little while until then.'

"Are you medical students not busy? I hear they're burning the midnight oil. How about you?"

This time again he could not finish his words because Suhyuk hurriedly got out of the kitchen at the sight of some customers coming in.

"Welcome, how many?"

"Two of us."

Suhyuk smiled gently at them.

"Sit on the table here."

Hana was trying to take out water from the refrigerator, but Suhyuk acted faster.

Putting down a water bottle on the table, he asked, "What would you like to order?"

"Soju with two bowls of rice and soup."

"Okay. Your order will be ready quickly. Please wait a moment."

"Two bowls of rice and soup!" Suhyuk raised his voice toward the kitchen, and started

setting the table. And he approached Hana at the refrigerator staring at him uncomfortably.

"Looks like they came to see you. I see more college students coming," said Suhyuk.

That's true. In the past, those in their 40s and 50s were the main customers. Over time, however, younger people as well as college students started to come more often. It was because of Kim Hana.

Customers eating rice and soup pretended to watch TV, but took glances at her.

Of course, the taste of the rice and soup was also excellent.

"Go now. I can do this myself without your help," Hana's tone was cold.

However, Suhyuk just laughed.

Just asking for forgiveness with words alone would not be enough. Action had to be given priority. Until he fixes Hana's father's legs, he will come again, and again and again.

And that was how Suhyuk intended to apologize to him.

"Goodbye and come again."

When the customers left, Suhyuk began to clean the table.

Obvious they ate very deliciously because the pots of rice and soup were as clean as if they were washed clean. He felt proud and satisfied.

The moment Suhyuk moved toward the kitchen after putting empty pots on the tray, he heard something dropping.

Cling!

One glass slipped and fell on the floor.

"Oh..." Suhyuk started picking up the pieces of glass.

"Hey, if you touch it carelessly, you're going to get hurt!"

While he was hesitating at her sharp voice, she approached and said, "Because you broke it, buy the same glass or make up for it. Step aside!"

She began to collect the pieces and wrapped them in a newspaper.

Her cleaning like that created a smile on his face.



Those taking preparatory medical courses played out as much as they could. Just having fun and games day and night. Alcohol, travel and romance. They took the essential courses that they could not skip, and enjoyed campus romance as much as they could. And there was advice from the seniors taking regulars courses: Just go to play as if there were no tomorrow. Suhyuk was no exception, and he played out like his fellow students.

However, he also waited quietly. He just hoped time could pass quickly so he could move on to the regular courses by as soon as possible.



His wish like that took neither a long nor short time.

Some took the heartless passage of time as cold-hearted, while others felt it joyful. The last vacation came for those about to start regular medical courses. At the same time, a stunning news was delivered like a bolt out of the blue to those preparing for regular courses.

It was none other than about osteology.

A senior standing in front of them formed a smile on his face.

Though it was a caring smile, it turned into a totally different look to the juniors watching him.

A smile of the devil.

"Did you play well for two years without regret?" he asked.

They whispered to each other, nodding their heads.

"Aren't we locked in an auditorium?"

"I hear we're going to be locked in motels until we memorize all the stuff."

They are supposed to gather at one place to study human bones for one week.

They learn how the bones are stored in the human body in a certain form, and memorize the structure, direction, and even the muscles, nervous system, and blood vessels that are located around the bones. One week's time. During this time it was not an exaggeration to say that they have to memorize all the names of the human body.

The senior opened his mouth at the juniors' uneasy clamoring, "You do not have to learn osteology right now, but I believe that you have to get the fundamentals if you don't want to get lost during the regular courses."

Osteology is the basics of basics for medical students.

They have to know the terms so that they can understand the professor's lectures.

It also holds true for clinical practice.

"I will not force you to do this. Those who want to learn can stay, and those who want to study separately can go home now."

It was not reflected in the credits, nor could it be enforced. It was just a school tradition. It's the seniors' drive to guide them in the hope that the one-week course can do them good. There were none of the students packing their bags to leave.

Instead, one student raised his hand, "Where will we study osteology?"

The senior who received the question laughed, "Right here."

The juniors became disturbed.

"This is the classroom? Where will we sleep or eat?"

They had a dark shadow covering their faces, however, Suhyuk's eyes were shining.

Was there anything he did not know? The excitement and expectation of learning something new, something that he did not know, pounded his heart.

Suhyuk raised his hand.

"I have a question."

Chapter 37

At Suhyuk's voice, the senior smiled and opened his mouth.

"I will no more take any questions."

Then he turned on the beam projector. The white screen was full of the skull and its corresponding denominations.

"What's all that?"

The faces of the students began to stain with despair.

At a glance, the number of the medical terms were over a hundred.

They look like alien and Arabic words. Even more shocking was the senior's instruction: "I'll give you two minutes, and you'll take the test in two minutes, and today it's about the skull. If you cannot memorize them, you won't have any sleep tonight."

"Oh, the study time is too short! Please give us more, please?"

At their urging, the senior added, "Okay, let me give you two and a half minutes."

Ticking.

The moment the second hand of the clock pointed to 12 o'clock, the senior opened his mouth again, "Start!"

The students started to concentrate intensely.

Some of them were muttering, and others memorizing from their notes. The senior folded his arms, looking at the juniors' studying for the test with a satisfactory expression. An old memory passed through his mind. He went through the same gruelling period when he had to memorize all that stuff.

At that moment Suhyuk raised his hand, asking the senior, "Sir"

"Did I give them too much time? There is no time to ask..."

With a slight smile, the senior said, "Okay, what is it?"

Suhyuk replied cautiously, "I already memorized them in high school..."

In fact, he had not memorized them, but known them for a long time.

The senior's eyes became wider, but soon went back to normal.

At the end of the day, this was the kid who got the media limelight since his high school days and was admitted to this medical college with full scholarship.

The senior felt it was possible Suhyuk had known the names, because the test is just about skull.

As if he appreciated Suhyuk's words, the senior came to him and presented a piece of A4 paper.

"You memorize this..."

Suhyuk confirmed what it was. A human body was drawn on it with countless names. Actually the number of bones in an adult man is 206. Moreover, the names of the neural system, muscles and blood vessels were also written down. How many names were on the paper in total? Well over one thousand.

When Suhyuk was looking over the A4 paper sheet, the senior student walked back.

"Sir."

Suhyuk's voice caught his footstep, and he turned to Suhyuk again.

"I know them already, too..."

He narrowed his eyes. With the paper upside down, he was scratching his head.

He knew everything on it. When his expectancy disappeared in a flash, Suhyuk found emptiness coming up in his heart. There was nothing new on the test.

"Really?"

The senior then gave Suhyuk a pen.

"Let me give you 5 minutes for this test."

With a perplexed look, he said cautiously, because it was not something he could write

down in five minutes.

"Sir, is it okay for me to answer verbally instead of writing down the names?"

With his arms folded, the senior nodded his head.

It was right to do an oral test for this kind of thing. Can he pour out many terms at once?

"Okay, let's start from the skull to the toe..."

"Fibula, frontal bone, stellate orbital surface, orbital surface, bony, frontal projection, orbital orbital surface, temporal projection..."

Wearing a hollow face, he looked at Suhyuk reciting the names, and shook his head as if he were sick and tired of him. Names that he already forgot or did not think about were coming out of his lips. There were about 20 seconds left.

"Tarsals, Metatarsals, Phalanges..."

The classroom was quiet. Everyone's eyes were focused on Suhyuk, their mouth wide open, and then the senior burst into a laughter, "Hahaha!"

His laughter quickly stopped.

"What are you doing? Just go home now before you can't take the bus."

"Only me?"

He gently smiled and nodded his head.

"Yeah, you know it all. You do not have to stay here."

Suhyuk, rising from the seat, made an uneasy face because he had to leave alone.

When he was hesitating, the senior opened his mouth again, "What are you doing? I can tell them know-how when even one student is done and goes home like you."

That made sense.

When he tried to get out of the classroom, someone suddenly grabbed his hand.

It was Choi Suryon.

She pointed at herself with her fingers and kept muttering to him to save her.

"Choi Suryun," she was surprised at the senior's calling her.

"Yes, yes."

"Did you memorize everything?"

"Well... Time is too short..."

"Two minutes and thirty seconds passed."

The beam projector was turned off and the senior handed down pieces of A4 paper to the juniors.

"Test time is 3 minutes. I will give 10 minutes rest for those who get perfect scores. 2 minutes 30 seconds for the others. Start!"

Those looking at Suhyuk enviously quickly held pens to write down the names.

"Goodbye... to a warm place..." said Choi.

Parting with her, Suhyuk, went out of the classroom bitterly.

The senior whispered to himself, looking at his back, "He's just great..."

He's never seen a student who mastered osteology while taking preparatory courses. Not only he but also his professors.

The word 'osteology' was so infamous that it made the students rage with anger.

"What kind of doctor will he become?" he muttered.

There was nothing like jealousy in his murmuring as he looked at the door through which he left. He just had some sort of respect for him as a fellow traveller walking the same path.

Turning his head back to his juniors, he laughed gently, saying, "One minute left."



The season changed the clothes of the world a few times.

It was the same for Suhyuk.

He became a first-year student in regular courses, and was walking in the hallway.

Then, Choi Suryun, running from behind, ran toward him as if she wanted to take his arms.

"Hah, hah."

Suhyuk shook his head at the sound of her wild panting.

"Oops, looks like you're breathing your last. Walk slowly."

"Oh, huh, you know that? We are supposed to practice on a cadaver a week later."

When Suhyuk nodded indifferently, she made an expression as if to cry.

"What should I do? I can not... I can not!"

She was already familiar with the picture of cadaver practice because she heard about it from the seniors.

A cadaver without a leg, or with its neck twisted back. There was also a cadaver, with muscles and tendons revealed here and there after it was dissected. They were not different from us during their lifetime. Now comes the dissecting practice. Just a simple imagination of it made her tremble.

"I really cannot do that."

Suhyuk answered briefly, "You have to."

"Don't you feel scared at all?"

Suhyuk walked with a smile at her words.

Of course he did not feel indifferent to it. He was a little nervous. In his dreams he did it countless times. But it is the first time he has to do it after he woke up.

It was a lie if he did not get nervous. Suhyuk blew away his tension with a short breath.

He determined though, that he would get everything he could learn during cadaver practice to meet the wishes of the deceased who made a difficult decision in life.

First-year students attending regular medical courses moved to the outskirts of the school.

The memorial place was located outside the practice building, with a monument. The monument was offered by the bereaved to honor the deceased who donated their bodies. The monument did not contain a single name. Instead, seven portraits were hung on it.

Suhyuk looked at the faces in the photo one by one. And he muttered in his heart.

'Thank you, thank you.'

"Silence."

The politely dressed students closed their eyes and bowed their heads at the teaching assistant's word.

They could not be more quieter and holier. Some female students were seen shedding tears.

What kind of words were they conveying to the deceased? After that ceremony that did not last long, the students moved back to hear the lecture.



The students who turned pale barely moved to the practice place.

Among the crowd was Suhyuk wearing a white gown.

"What are you doing? Come in!"

The teaching assistant pressed them.

The students who lingered in front of the door started to go inside.

Seven wooden lids placed on the practice bench.

"This is unit 1, that is unit 2..."

According to the assistant's instruction, the students who have formed their own units moved to their designated practice bench.

"It is the place where the deceased is located. Lay down the lid cautiously. Do it."

The practice room was quiet. They got so anxious. The wooden lid was lowered. The cadaver was illuminated over vinyl covering it. Have they ever seen a body like this

before?

There were yellow subcutaneous fats on the skin that popped all over the place.

"..."

The practitioners who closed their mouth trembled with panic and fear.

The girls had already started shedding tears, and the boys became hardened like stone statues.

"Wheck!"

It was not uncommon for them to retch. They stepped back before they knew it.

"Get close!"

At the cold voice of the assistant, the students, with closed eyes, approached the practice bench.

"Why are you crying in front of the noble resolve of the deceased?"

He again pressed them.

"The crying guys will get expelled from the room."

The atmosphere of the room was heavy.

So much so that they could not hear even ants moving.

The fragrance of formaldehyde from the cadaver made them sick and it pierced their eyes.

"Cut the vinyl with the scissors next to it."

Everyone hesitated. But before long, some courageous students began to cut the vinyl.

Then, the smell of formalin, which drifted silently, became clear.

Good luck? They finished the cutting of the vinyl of the cadaver. With everybody shivering, Suhyuk stepped up and removed the vinyl calmly.

It was a figure of an old man who seemed to be kind.

Without any clue how he died, his face was a little distorted.

By the time everyone was arranging the vinyl on one side, the professor came in.

Looking at the students, he opened his mouth, "In front of the cadaver, doing your best is a courtesy and a sign of respect."

Everyone nodded. They looked like they were pulling themselves.

"The practice that we are doing now is the basis of the basics, and the blood and flesh from this cadaver will be the blood and flesh for you to be a doctor."

Suhyuk belonged to unit 7, and even though they firmly refreshed their determination, no one came up to grab the scalpel. The unit members all looked at Suhyuk. With a bitter laugh, Suhyuk took the scalpel and closed his eyes briefly.

"Grandpa. thank you for giving us the chance to learn."

Opening his eyes, he moved the scalpel up to the forearms of the cadaver.

As soon as the scalpel was applied to the skin, it was opened up slightly. It passed through the dermis and cut off the subcutaneous fat. The yellow fat clenched the muscles messily.

Then he removed the delts calmly. Then he handed the scalpel to the other student next to him.

He was handed the scalpel with a trembling hand.

"You can do it, you have to."

At Suhyuk's encouragement, he nodded, swallowing dried saliva on his mouth.

Unexpectedly, the practice was going well.

Not only the boys who hesitated, but also the girls who were tearful regained their composure and cut the skin.

Suhyuk, watching his unit members, unconsciously examined the whole body of the cadaver.

Then one area attracted his attention. A string mark on the neck was clear. "Suicide?"

"Though he ended his life regrettably, his bereaved family donated his body according to his will," said the assistant, passing by.

Suhyuk nodded his head.

“We’ll resume after 10 minutes’ break,” said the professor.

The students flocked to the bathroom as soon as he said that, and so did Suhyuk.

At that moment, he made a frown when he was getting out of the door.

He smelt alcohol from someone out there.

The guy who was freaking out that he could not practice in a sober condition finally had a drink.

He wondered how he got in here without being caught by the assistant.

The break time passed quickly. Originally, it took one or two weeks to dissect, but because of the internal situation of the school, they had to finish all the dissection practice in eight hours.

So they have to come back again in less than a month. Shaking their heads, they went back to the cadaver.

This time, Suhyuk was the first to take a scalpel. At his unhindered movement, his unit members were just astonished. Given the dissecting speed, it looked like they were able to see everything from the origin of muscles to the insertion. He clearly showed not only the blood vessels but also the tendons to the unit members, which he cut off clearly. The boys muttered with a blank expression, "He’s different..."

He looked like he was born to be a doctor.

The girls listened to Suhyuk’s explanation while taking a glance at the cadaver.

The assistant walking around was astonished at him, who had been demonstrating on his own why he was famous.

“Damn it! You guys are chopping the muscles...” shouted the assistant, rushing toward the Unit 2 members.

The time was already approaching 6 PM.

Now the weary students looked at the cadavers with indifferent eyes.

What remained for them was to look into the organs.

The professor said, "The organs can be extracted but should be kept as original as possible."

Suhyuk naturally raised his hand on cadaver's belly, and when he stopped his hand, he moved the scalpel without hesitation.

A thin peritoneal membrane encircling the organs was revealed.

A very delicate technique.

Other boys would have split it with the skin, however, there was no way they could know about it.

"This is the peritoneum," said Suhyuk.

Did they listen to him? They were anxious, swallowing dry saliva, looking at the organs behind it.

Suhyuk was forced to move the scalpel again. The internal organs were evident when the peritoneum was dissected.

"I think that swelling will happen..."

The thorax was swollen as a whole.

Then Suhyuk lifted the ribs. The organs seemed to stick together with a sticky mucus.

The unit members barely pulled themselves through, though they felt like passing out.

Unlike them, Suhyuk was casting his gaze at the cadaver here and there.

The organs looked different from normal ones.

"What the heck is this..."

The swollen lung covered almost all the chest as if it was full of water.

Besides, it covered even the stomach and duodenum.

Suhyuk lifted up his head. His gaze was fixed at the neck of the cadaver with a clear line mark.

Suhyuk's eyes fell down coldly.

Chapter 38

"What's the matter, Suhyuk?" asked members of Suhyuk's unit. Yet, he just kept silent.

He just fixed his eyes on the neck of the cadaver. A string mark was clearly seen on the spot where the thyroid cartilage was located. For suicide by hanging, one has to tie his neck round something in an elevated place like the ceiling. And while one is hanging by the neck, the string goes up to the tip of the chin. It is because of the weight of a person.

'Then, how come there was a string marked on the middle of the neck? How did he commit suicide?'

No matter how he thought about it, he could not figure out how the neck had a string mark.

He ruled out the ridiculous scenario where the deceased used his hand to tie his own neck. Suhyuk's scalpel moved to the lungs.

"What are you doing?" the unit members asked, with wide eyes.

The assistant told them to take out the organs without any perforation.

Nonetheless, nobody could stop him. He already took the scalpel into the lungs.

The moment the sharp edge of the scalpel touched, liquid came out of the lungs.

Suhyuk's eyes became colder. The lungs were full of water. As expected, one piece of the puzzle was put together.

His hand moved to the bronchus this time. He opened it up very carefully.

And what was seen in the bronchi was a bubble.

"Foam mass..."

It was this foam mass that is caused by a mixture of liquid and mucus derived from the mucous membrane inhaled during respiration.

Suhyuk scrutinized the entire body of the cadaver.

He could not find any red spots left on the body when a person was drowned.

If that's the case, it was logical that only his face that could breathe was immersed in water.

His prediction turned into a conviction gradually.

Given that foam mass was formed on the organs, there was no need to check the airway.

"How can this make sense? How can a person who already died hang himself?"

It did not make sense at all.

If he had hanged himself, there should be spots of blood congestion on his body due to the stenosis of the vein, choking, and the increase in blood, but they were not found anywhere.

Just a simple check of the face was enough to confirm it: his eyeballs did not protrude.

The cadaver had been already been medically processed. A case of this kind was not common.

He wondered if the deceased wanted to inform others...

At that moment, the assistant approached Suhyuk, asking "What are you doing?"

Suhyuk made a puncture in the lungs and separated the bronchi.

The assistant narrowed his eyes suddenly.

"What did you do?..."

"I do not think it's suicide."

"What the heck? What nonsense are you talking about?" the assistant said in a threatening tone.

Suhyuk replied calmly, "The deceased can't hang himself, can he?"

Obviously his drowning to death came first.

Then he pointed to the lungs and some other parts of the cadaver.

"So what?"

"I think he was drowned..."

The assistant seemed to make a big sigh and shouted, "Are you crazy? You're out of your mind now. Crazy! I think I favored you too much now you're acting like this..."

"What's the matter?" someone said out of the blue. It was the professor.

As he frowned, the professor looked at the cadaver, some parts of which had already been touched where they were supposed not to have been, which offended him badly.

When the professor turned his gaze at him, Suhyuk said, "I think it is drowning or murder."

He narrowed his eyes sharply.

"What a nonsense..."

However, the professor looking at the organs of the cadaver could not speak any more.

Because all the organs were pointing toward drowning.

"Even in this part too..."

At his words, the professor's gaze moved toward the hands and feet of the cadaver.

That specific part had the same color as other body parts.

If a person dies by hanging his neck, the blood circulation stops and red blood cells are pulled down the body by gravitational forces. This is called blood sedimentation (gravity phenomenon). But in the hands and feet of the cadaver, such dead spots could not be found at all. Even if the cadaver has been treated medically, such spots stand out compared with other parts in detail.

The professor, wearing a hardened expression, looked toward the cadaver's neck this time. And he mumbled, "Assistant!"

"Yes, sir."

"Call the police."

"What?"

"I think it's a camouflaged strangulation."

The assistant's eyes opened loudly as if he could not believe it.

Moreover, each of the students could not speak, with their mouths shut.

The professor looked at Suhyuk silently. He was only a first-year student attending regular courses. He got into the school as a celebrity, and now presented his own opinion on the cause of the death as if he were a seasoned autopsy doctor.

"You... you came here to be a doctor," said the professor.

Is it not true that a medical student goes to a medical school to become a doctor?

But the professor's words had multiple meanings.



Walking on campus, Suhyuk was called somewhere.

The call did not take long to go through.

"What's the matter? How come you called me first? You wanted to listen to my voice, right?"

It was reporter Han Jihye.

"I've been absented for a while... I'm sorry."

"If you feel sorry, let's meet for dinner sometime!"

"Well, I've got one incident to tell you..."

"What is it?" She answered hurriedly.

"Well, I found some signs of homicide from a cadaver donated as suicide..."

"What? Why? Did you call the police? Did the reporters gather?"

"I'm not sure if the reporters would come or not. But the police are coming."

"Are you still at the school?"

"No, I'm home now."

"I'll see you at the school then." The phone hung up like that.

He smiled and shook his head.

In high school, when he was locked up in a detention center, she helped him out, and this was a chance for him to repay her for that.

Suhyuk immediately sent a message to her as if he forgot to say something.

The message to her was his request: never identify who found out the cause of the death.

He found it very uncomfortable to attract public attention.

In the meantime, the professor was talking with a reporter he knew.

<Cause of false death of cadaver identified by Daehan MS>

Was it not a good opportunity to publicize the reputation of the school once again even though it's already known as a prestigious university?

The first journalist who arrived at the medical school was Han Jihye.



In an office of a high-rise building with large windows commanding a cool view, Kim Hyunwoo, in neat suit-dress, sat there.

At that moment, the office secretary's voice came out from his key phone.

"Mr. President, team manager Mr. Lim says he's done with the paperwork."

"Please have him come in."

A man in his early 50s, with a bald head, came in. He bowed his head and gave the paperwork to Kim Hyunwoo.

"Let me double check if you have made a mistake."

Kim Hyunwoo, who laughed and joked at him, began to look through the papers.

Then he lifted his head and fixed his gaze at a big TV screen.

The anchor's voice mentioning Daehan MS drew Kim's attention because Suhyuk went

there.

<The body disguised as a suicide was identified as a homicide by Daehan MS. The suspect was arrested, and it was revealed during the anatomy practice session."

"You can leave now. I think I have to talk about the convention planning project tomorrow."

Kim Hyunwoo, who sent the team leader home, listened to the news and rummaged through the internet articles because he felt the news had a strong connection with Suhyuk.

And he just clicked on one of the many related articles. He read it while mumbling.

"The stepson murdered his father, and drowned him to death, and then disguised it as strangulation."

Kim Hyunwoo slightly frowned.

It was astonishing news that the stepson had committed the murder in a deliberate manner. The wife of the murdered, who remarried him, allegedly aided in her son's murder actively. And the method involved was cunning. They committed the crime in the bathtub and hung his neck to disguise it as a suicide. Then they consulted with a doctor who issued a death certificate. Moreover he corroborated with a police officer who he knew well.

"What a crazy lunatic!" Kim said.

'The man even dared to donate the body of his murdered father. That was suspicious. Wasn't it better to cremate it to hide the murder? Otherwise the murderer would be a stupid guy.' Kim thought to himself.

It was natural that Kim did not understand the incident. For a lawyer, who was close enough to contact the victim once a day, had been involved in the murder incident. Without informing his family, the deceased who turned into a cadaver, drew up a will and a deed of body donation with the lawyer with request that his body and half of his wealth be returned to the society, and the rest be bequeathed to his family. When the lawyer did not hear from the victim he had talked to over the phone at least once a day, he appeared at the funeral after searching him out. The new wife and the stepson made a big fuss about the donation of his body, protesting how a knife could be put on the body of the deceased. Later they tried to cajole him with money. But it did not work out for the lawyer. There were not necessarily bad men in this world. The lawyer kept

his promise with firm determination enough to keep away temptation. As the deed of body donation had been submitted, the lawyer processed the execution of the will, his promise to the deceased, to the end. That's how the deceased became a cadaver.

"The world is vast, and crazy men are swarming there."

Kim started to look at the documents again as if he lost interest in the news.

He expected some news about Suhyuk to come out, but it did not. At that moment, the sound of the TV caught his ear.

<Surprisingly, the person who identified the cadaver was allegedly a medical student. It turned out that he was a Mr. Lee who made the media highlight a few years ago with his first aid. This time he saved the name of the deceased. We all wonder what kind of doctor he will become in the future. That's it for our 9 o'clock news. Thank you everyone who watched the news.>

Staring at the TV blankly, Kim Hyunwoo's expression was gradually smiling.

"Ha ha ha! This guy gets into trouble wherever he goes around."

Suhyuk's request for anonymity was missed just like that.



Outside the hospital a girl, about six years old, burst into tears.

Her appearance, with an anxious eye and a runny nose, was typical of a lost child.

"Boohoo... Mom!"

"Are you lost?"

A man fluttering a white gown approached the little girl.

He knelt on one knee and matched his eye level with the child's.

"What is your name?"

"Boohoo... I'm Kim Narae. Please find my mom."

Nodding his head, the man took the child's hand gently.

"Let's go find your mom together."

When they were moving to a broadcasting room in the building, a woman rushed toward them.

"Mom!"

"I told you not go around!"

It was dreadful even to think what would have happened to her if she had left the hospital completely and went out...

She scolded her daughter and said to the man, "Thank you sir."

The man laughed pleasantly at the mother and daughter.

"Well, I did not do anything, I'm just a student, not a professor."

Time flew like an arrow, and Suhyuk became a third-year student attending regular courses.

And today was the first day of his hospital practice.

Chapter 39

The practice students were walking around the hospital in great excitement and tension.

It was the same for Suhyuk. No, he looked around and gave a silent sigh.

There were so many sick people out there who were in dire need of help.

At that moment a nurse came to him, pushing a stretcher car on which a patient was lying. Suhyuk moved to the side and unconsciously read the name attached to the label.

"Other peripheral vascular diseases... does the patient smoke or have any hypertension? Also suspected of having hyperlipidemia, and there is a family history of diabetes... what if the patient has ischemia...?"

Suhyuk continued to mutter, "Using heparin, incense coagulant and removing embolization..."

"Where are you going Suhyuk?"

At Choi Suryon's voice, he got his head screwed on and stopped walking.

He was following the patient without realising it.

"What is the matter?"

"Nothing."

Suhyuk was following his peers walking ahead, and once again he looked back. He look at the patient with pupils full of regret, but he turned back instantly.

After that he repeated the same action several times.

Suhyuk himself was not aware of it.

The students briefly listened to the PK practice to be held in the conference room.

2 weeks with the Emergency Department, 12 weeks with Internal Medicine, 7 weeks

with Surgery... They should complete a total of 36 weeks of experience and practice to finish the third-year in regular courses. Plus, they should pass a school test and get practice credits. Far from easy.

If they get lazy, getting flunked is a sure thing.

'I can make it. Definitely,' Suhyuk promised to himself.

He vowed he would master what he did not understand, and refresh on what he already knew.

'I'll run toward my goal without hesitating.'

"Don't be too scared," said Park Ganghyun, a first-year resident, who was supposed to contact the interns most often. Park, with his slim jaw and tough beard, melted the frozen atmosphere among them.

"You do not prescribe to the patient directly, nor do you do the surgery. It is literally a practice. If you do it as instructed, and make no mistake, you will be able to complete PK practice well. Of course, you should be working hard."

"Yes, sir!"

"Just feel relaxed as if you were looking around the hospital today, okay?"

"Yeah!"

Their voice, like that of new-born chicks, made a smile rise on Park's face.

'I had those days too.'

Practice is no big deal. When they pass the state exam and enter the internship, that is the beginning of hell. No more personal time.

"Today, there is no making the rounds with the professor. Instead, you come with me to look around the patients building for a taste of the practice. Anybody have any complaints?"

The conference room was quiet. Park opened his mouth again, "Let's go."

They went out of the conference room. When Suhyuk was about to go out, Park stopped him to say, "You must be Lee Suhyuk."

He scratched his head awkwardly.

"Yes, please give me a lot of guidance."

"The professors have a lot of expectations for you."

Park then moved to check the condition of the patients.

Suhyuk's unit followed him.

The unit assigned to PK practice does not change throughout the year. Never, ever.

"I'm shaking," said Choi Suryon quietly, but Suhyuk relieved her, saying, "He told us we were just looking around, so we don't have to worry about it."

They arrived at a patient's room.

A patient in his 40s.

Park asked about his condition, "How are you feeling?"

"I feel okay, but I'm not sure."

"Let me see the surgery area."

When Park lifted his clothes, the students behind him focused with glaring eyes.

"Thoracic empyema..."

Recognizing the patient's illness, Suhyuk moved forward before he knew it.

Then one of the students grabbed Suhyuk's gown and whispered.

"Hey, do not go too close. You stand in the way of him checking the patient."

But it was already too late.

Park turned his head toward Suhyuk who was up close, and looked at him.

With a slight smile, he asked, "Early thoracotomy in empyema. Why?"

Then he fixed his gaze on the affected area again.

Suhyuk opened his mouth without hesitation, "I think the patient has undergone early thoracotomy because the fibrinolytic enzyme and pleuroscopy failed to induce

drainage."

Park, who was looking at the affected area, suddenly turned his head to Suhyuk again.

He showed an expression wondering how he could know as far as that.

But he soon laughed, thinking that's why the professors were interested in a chick-like student, who was not an intern.

"Oh, it's hard to understand. How about you?"

Park asked the other students playfully. There was no reply.

They were just silent like a mute that ate honey.

Laughing gently, Park finished disinfecting the patient's affected area, and then he looked at the practice students. They wore a blank expression as if they heard an alien language. This is normal. Looking at Suhyuk, he moved to the next patients' room, shaking his head. It was the same with other students.



Lunch hour.

People in the hospital lobby were watching TV and clicking their tongues.

"Nowadays, police are busy sparing themselves even when they see brutal criminals. Tut, tut."

"That guy must become a cop!"

When each and every one of them said that, with a frown, Suhyuk moved his eyes to the TV.

And he had to look blankly because someone he knew was reported on the news.

<An ordinary citizen caught a wanted murder suspect after he had a violent fight. This brave citizen is a law student who graduated from law school..."

At that moment his phone was vibrating, but Suhyuk received the call with his eyes fixed on the TV.

"Hello."

"It's me brother."

It was Dongsu.

"I see you on TV right now."

"What? Am I on air already? I heard they would report about me on the 9 o'clock news."

Suhyuk sighed deeply.

"Hey, why did you meddle like that? If something goes wrong, what are you going to do? You're still a student. It's not too late even if you catch criminals later."

"Don't you monopolize the TV, okay? It's about time I were on the TV news at least once. Ha ha ha!"

Suhyuk shook his head.

Unlike the personality of someone who wants to be a lawyer, Dongsu throws a punch first without thinking deeply... What if he's a prosecutor?

At that moment Suhyuk conjured up an image of him cracking his knuckles before a suspect.

'I can't believe he would do that in that kind of situation.'

"Where are you now?" asked Dongsu.

"I came to the hospital for practice."

"You must be busy. Which hospital are you at?"

"Daehan Hospital, where are you?"

"Huh? I am now near that hospital"

"Why are you there?"

"I just got out after I wrote a report at the police station nearby. Shall we see each other? It's lunch time."

"Okay, let's have lunch together."



The two who met in front of the hospital went into a restaurant.

"Were you hurt?" asked Suhyuk.

Dongsu just chuckled.

"I'm your brother, nobody can touch me," he said.

Shaking his head, Suhyuk ordered food.

Suddenly, he looked at the back of Dongsu's hands.

A faintly visible blood stain, which he washed carelessly.

"What happened to your hand?"

"Oh, this?"

Dongsu looked at the back of his hands, "I had it lightly scratched."

"Wasn't it scratched while you were fighting with the suspect? Let me take a look," said Suhyuk.

Dongsu waved his hands.

"It's nothing. Just scratches."

"Let me see then."

Grabbing his hands, Suhyuk rolled up his sleeves. There was a wound drawn like a solid line on the forearm. With a frown, Suhyuk looked at his forearm carefully.

He could see the damage done where the epidermis was entering the dermis.

Though it was not serious enough to worry about, Suhyuk stared at him with a hardened face.

"Did you get scratched by a knife?"

Dongsu replied, scratching his head, "He challenged me with a knife, so I crushed him out of shape."

Suhyuk shook his head, saying, "Get it disinfected. Also get a tetanus shot, just in case."

"Your order is here."

Freshly cooked ox bone soup was served, with steam rolling up from the pots in which chopped green onions had been sliced.

"Huh? Are you...?"

The waitress serving them recognized Dongsu.

He scratched his head with a smile.

"Yes, yes, I am that student."

"Huh?" This time she was amazed at Suhyuk.

That medical student who found out the cause of that body.

She looked at Suhyuk and Dongsu in turn.

Not only she, but also all of the customers recognized both of them.

"Yes, yes I am that very student, hahaha."

Dongsu's laughter grew bigger, and Suhyuk only moved the spoon quietly.

So, they ate without knowing whether they were eating with their mouth or nose.



"It's okay, really," Dongsu said.

"Come on. Just follow me," Suhyuk insisted.

After failing to break Suhyuk's stubbornness, Dongsu was entering the hospital entrance.

Then they heard an ambulance siren. Suhyuk's head turned to the side.

The ambulance stopped, and a patient on a stretcher was taken out.

White bubbles in his mouth. Suhyuk's feet moved before he knew it.

"Well, the hospital is really big. If you become a doctor, you may work here..."

Dongsu was busy staring at the hospital.

"Hey, are there pretty girls in your class? Please introduce me to..."

Dongsu, turning his head to the side, shook his head with a silly expression.

Wondering why there was no answer from him, Dongsu saw Shyuk walking slowly toward the emergency room.

"Hey," Dongsu grabbed his shoulder.

Then, Suhyuk turned back.

"Where are you going? You said you're going to do the disinfection for me?"

"Oh, yes, let's go to sterilize."

Suhyuk, guiding Dongsu, looked back again.

But soon they disappeared into the building.



After Dongsu went back, Suhyuk's group members moved along again with Park Ganghyun.

They had already seen several patients and become acquainted with the faces of the hospital employees. During that time, Suhyuk barely managed his dizzy spirit.

Whenever he look around, he saw many patients everywhere.

Different illnesses and treatments for them came to his mind in a messy way, which kept coming out of his control.

"Wuwheck."

Choi Suryon was surprised at his retching.

"Are you okay?"

Suhyuk, wiping his lips, nodded his head.

Though he said that, he did not feel at ease at all.

His dizziness has made him feel like vomiting.

Suhyuk closed his eyes to clean up the clutter in his head as much as possible.

"Well, ten minutes break. If you want to go to the bathroom, do it quickly."

The students were scattered as if they had waited for it.

Suhyuk sat on a chair in the hallway.

"Are you really okay?" Choi Suryon asked, sitting next to him.

"I felt a little dizzy," said Suhyuk.

Her anxiety was reflected on her face.

"Don't you think you have to take medicine? How, and where in your body are sick?"

Suhyuk looked at her grinning, "It's okay now."

"Hold on a little bit, it will be over soon. Can I bring some medicine? If I ask, probably they will give some..."

Shaking his head, he put his head on the wall and closed his eyes.

His uvula protruded convexly. She was looking at it quietly.

"..."

What was she thinking? She just fixed her gaze on it without saying anything.

Ten minutes passed.

As soon as Suhyuk rose from the seat, Park came up to him and said, "Lee Suhyuk, Prof. Kim Jinwook is looking for you."

"Yes? Why me?"

"Well, I'm curious too," said Park shrugging his shoulders.

Suhyuk pondered over it in his mind.

'Professor Kim Jinwook... '

No familiar face came up.

He was left alone after Park and the students left for another place.

'Why is he looking for me?'

Suhyuk went to the office Park gave him, with a doubtful mind.

With the knocking sound, he heard a man's voice.

"Come on in."

When he opened the door, the man, who had been looking into a book, lifted his head.

"Hi, Professor, I hear you want to see me."

Suhyuk could not speak further. The professor in his early or mid-30s, familiar face, which he saw a few years prior.

The professor smiled and said, "It's been a long time since we met, right? I see you bringing about storms."

Chapter 40

"You're the professor...?"

Kim chuckled.

He was the very intern who had been at the place when Suhyuk first woke up from the vegetative state. And it was also resident Kim Jinwook who checked the condition of Inbae who had been treated with Suhyuk's first aid.

He's become a professor now.

"I watched the news well. Did you identify the cause of the death of the cadaver?"

"I accidentally found it," said Suhyuk.

Kim Jinwook shook his head.

"I think you have the ability to have figured it out well enough."

His memories are still fresh in his mind. A 15-year-old middle school student who just woke up from a persistent vegetative state and diagnosed himself. He's now grown up into an adult, getting a lot of media highlights.

"Have a seat!"

Kim gave a cup of coffee to him, which he brew himself.

"Thank you."

The smell of coffee spread gently in the room, and it tasted good.

"Well, did you learn a lot at school? Or was there any stuff you could learn?"

"I've learned a lot," said Suhyuk.

He narrowed his eyes, asking, "Really?"

Suhyuk just scratched his head.

"Those in the same class as you must envy you a lot. And have a lot of jealousy too. But

you don't have to hide your abilities or do average. Just keep marching as you would."

So they exchanged conversations like that.

Then Kim Jinwook asked out of the blue, "Are you okay, because your face looks bad?"

"Yes, I'm okay. "

Though he still felt nauseous, he felt much better now.

"Did you decide on your speciality?"

Suhyuk was about to reply but did not. Actually he's been struggling about that in his heart, though Kim did not sense it, because he was only quiet for a brief moment.

Suhyuk soon opened his mouth, "Well..."

"Wait a moment," said Kim, answering a phone call.

"Yes, this is Kim Jinwook."

"Professor, we have an emergency patient."

"Have you checked the patient's condition?"

"It seems to be a patient with an aortic dissection."

Aortic dissection refers to the tearing of the intima of the aorta in the chest.

"Is it true or not? Did you check the CT?" Kim Jinwook pressed him, who was muttering.

"Yes, he is a patient with that symptom."

"Are you sure?"

Some sort of unsure tiny voice was coming out of the cell phone, "In my mind..."

After breathing a short sigh, he opened his mouth again, "Let me go down now and get ready."

He was a resident that Kim prized, but he did not progress as much as Kim wanted, possibly because of his insufficient training.

After he hung up the phone, Kim looked at Suhyuk regrettably.

Though he wanted to talk a bit more, he had no choice but to treat the patient.

But there are plenty of opportunities. As Suhyuk has come to Daehan MS for practice, Kim could see him anytime.

"I'll see you next time."

The two stood up.

When Suhyuk tried to go out, Kim Jinwook turned around and asked, "Would you like to come and observe?"

Trainees like him go into the operating room anyway and observe. It does not matter even if their observation comes earlier than usual. Who would oppose when the professor in charge of operation wants to bring one as an observer?

Suhyuk nodded his head with a smile of expectancy.

Arriving at the elevator, Kim Jinwook pushed on the buttons, regardless of whether it was the elevator for the medical staff or one for patients and their guardians, the situation could not be more urgent.

The door of the elevator opened, and the two went inside.

Kim asked with strange eyes, "A patient with aortic dissection. What kind of condition does he have now?"

"If it is aortic dissection, the patient seems to be in a dangerous condition. It seems to be an emergency..."

Kim Jinwook nodded as if he had expected that kind of reply from him.

'If so, does he know the cause of it?'

"Any cause?" Kim asked.

Suhyuk opened his mouth, "The main reason is that 80% of the cause is known to be related to hypertension, so it happens mainly to senior people. It seems that there are other causes such as congenital. For example, genetic defects such as denaturation in the media itself, arteriosclerosis or aging..."

"That's enough," Kim waved his hands, asking him to stop.

He regretted asking him tactlessly because it was the obvious answer to the obvious question.

He wondered what kind of doctor he would really be.

Kim Jinwook, who went down to the emergency room, rushed to check on the patient's condition. He identified the patient's condition clearly after checking the CT. The aortic dissection that the resident said without confidence was right. Treatment is divided into two types. Type B can be treated with medication, while Type A requires surgery. The patient was rapidly progressing from B to A, and he required surgery.

"What about the guardian?"

"He was brought to the emergency room alone."

Kim Jinwook, who immediately contacted the guardian, verbally signed the operation agreement. He could not afford to wait until the guardian came.

When the aortic dissection transitions up or down or swells up and the blood that the heart pumps out bursts then it is too late. The patient will die from excessive bleeding.

In the meantime, Suhyuk observed the CT very carefully. Aortic dissection with tearing of the inner membrane. It will be a dangerous surgery that needs stopping of the heart.

Then his cell phone vibrated. It was from Choi Suryon.

"Hello!"

"Suhyuk, where are you?"

He forgot that he was supposed to have an outing with the team members tomorrow, Saturday, when they have a day off.

"Ooops... I do not think I'll be able to come..."

"Why? Any business to do with your professor?"

A voice suddenly popped out next to Suhyuk.

"Is it an emergency?" Kim Jinwook approached and looked at the CT.

Suhyuk, who was making a serious expression, nodded his head.

"Let's go."

Professor Kim Jinwook first walked back, and Suhyuk rushed to his cell phone.

"I'm sorry, Suryon. You guys have to play without me. Talk to you later then."



"Come on, wash it thoroughly after me"

Kim Jinwook showed them how to disinfect.

They washed it as you wash hands, and then scrubbed it with a brush.

Suhyuk followed his demonstration.

It was an awkward move, but he cleaned it carefully because he knew how important it was. Sterilization work that he does not recall at all even from in his dream.

No, obviously he did not do it in his dream. For he just held a scalp and opened a patient's stomach.

"Nurse Ms. Lee, please put on a surgical gown for this trainee," said Kim.

Helped by the nurse, Suhyuk wore a surgical gown, and put on a hat, a mask, and gloves. Suhyuk looked down at his two hands, which reminded him of his old memories.

How long did he wear surgical gloves for? Actually it was the first time.

"Let's go, it will be a good experience for you. So, focus when you watch it!"

Suhyuk nodded and went into the operating room.

There were a total of seven people in the operating room.

They were medical residents absolutely necessary for all surgeries.

Resident of anesthesiology, nurses specializing in thoracic surgery, extracorporeal perfusionist, resident of cardiothoracic surgery. All of them gathered to save a person's life looked at Suhyuk with a curious look.

"Well, I'm a trainee observer."

It is very rare for trainees to attend an emergency surgery. But in the operating room,

the professor's word is like law.

At Kim's words, they quickly quenched their interest in him.

During the course of the anesthesia, they moved around in unison until the patient was fully asleep. Everyone doubled checked to carry out their duties steadily, and got ready.

The aorta is directly connected to the heart.

Since it is a dangerous operation, no error is tolerated.

Suhyuk slowly looked around. The patient's condition was checked and various devices were attached to the patient's body. Then. *Snap! Snap! Snap!* They began to knock on the IV cords as thick as knuckles relentlessly with the scissors handle and pen. Professor Kim did the same. They carefully checked whether the bubbles inside IV cords were removed fully.

Looking at them, Suhyuk muttered, "Extracorporeal circulation..."

It was a device that intentionally stopped the heart and lungs for surgery and artificially circulated blood and oxygen through the body. In addition, there was a lot of fluid to be injected into the patient's body as well as several packs of blood. Hemorrhage was inevitable because of the incision of the aorta.

Suhyuk's eyes turned to Kim this time.

When the anesthetized patient closed his eyes, Kim moved with his scalpel.

From now on, all the residents have to follow his words and movements.

"Start the aortic arch substitution."

As Suhyuk came back behind Kim as if haunted by something, Kim said, "Watch closely."

Kim, who incised the patient's abdomen and surface, told the resident, "Bovie!"

With the smell of burning flesh, the patient's abdomen became completely open.

Suhyuk muttered without realising.

"Heparin, cardioplegia. Keep the body temperature from 27 to 28."

Hearing Suhyuk's murmuring behind him, Kim smirked and shook his head.

How did he know as far as this?

He gave an order, "Heparin."

When heparin was injected into the IV, Kim's hands moved.

As the surgical tools pushed the organs away, the heart was seen inside.

The heart was pounding as if it were alive.

"Cardioplegia, please stop the heart."

The extracorporeal perfusionist immediately injected cardioplegia.

Kim continued to order, "Cooling down. Keep the temperature at 27, 28 degrees."

Cooling down is intended to manipulate body temperature artificially to prevent damage to the aortic tissue during the operation time.

The movement of the heart became noticeably smaller.

Kim said loudly, "The heart is stopped. Is the cardiovascular circulation device working? Work it now."

According to the order, the extracorporeal perfusionist waited for the right timing.

And when the heart was stopped, the artificial circulatory device worked.

The mingling blood began to circulate, making the ringers stranded.

Surgery cannot start without stopping the heart. As the heart keeps pumping blood all over the body, it needs to be put to sleep so that it can stop the blood flowing to the aorta for a while. If the heart is beating and blood is spewed out without treatment, the patient will die from excessive bleeding.

So all the preparations were over. The circulatory device, which suppresses the coagulation of the blood that meets the air and supplies blood and oxygen instead, started working. Also, the patient's body temperature was dropped to minimize tissue damage.

Now, what's left are the patient who wants to live, and the staff who are trying to save the patient.

"Let's start."

Kim's hands moved.

It was exactly where the inner membrane was damaged.

The aorta was reminiscent of a thick, smooth earthworm.

Watching it closely, Suhyuk's pupils were expanded.

Moreover, he mumbled like a person who lost focus, "Remove the damaged area and get the artificial blood vessels."

Kim was a little surprised because he felt someone pushed him from behind.

It was Suhyuk.

Chapter 41

Kim said to Suhyuk without turning his head, "You got too close to me. Step back."

Kim did not sense Suhyuk's blank eyes. Awakened by Kim's words, he stepped back.

Without the professor's words, he would not have realised that he was muttering.

"Open it more," Kim ordered.

The resident carefully pushed the surrounding organs to the side to make the damaged aorta visible.

Kim's scalpel moved instantly.

"I am incising now. Blood is coming, blood, suction..."

At the same time that the aorta was cut off, the suction machine moved around.

Did the resident not set it up properly?

The soaring blood splashed on Kim's loupe. The stagnant blood rushed up.

Kim Jinwook took down the scalpel and spoke sharply to the resident.

"Hey, Lim Taejin, aren't you doing it right? Wake up!"

The more time is delayed, the higher the probability of complications. Then It is only natural to adversely affect the brain, liver, and kidneys. The heart circulatory machine was running, but it was far from a match for the heart.

"Sorry, sir!"

The nurse wiped Kim's glasses and loupe thoroughly, and Kim turned his head again.

At that moment, blood rushed up again. Kim looked hard at Lim, saying, "Get out."

"Professor, the patient's blood pressure is falling."

At the extracorporeal perfusionists' words, Kim knitted his brows.

"Please keep the blood pressure stable as much as possible."

With that order Kim turned back. Suhyuk's pupils were filled with an intense desire.

He was the very man who opened the cricothyroid membrane without any help.

Though Kim thought deeply about him like that, Kim shook his head. Even though Suhyuk was an extraordinary student, he was only a practice intern. He could not assign him the role of his assistant. Turning his head again, Kim turned his head again and looked at the resident intensely.

"Stay awake, okay?"

That was his last warning, and Lim was well aware of it.

Professor Kim had a reputation for having a good personality, but he was different in the operating room. He was cold and unkind. But nobody would badmouth about him behind his back.

The operating room is the place where the life and death of a patient is determined even if there is the slightest mistake. It was very natural for Kim to be sensitive.

The resident briefly took a short breath and got down to work again.

At that moment the trainee's behavior caught the eye of the professor.

What was he doing? Looking at the chest of the patient whose belly was opened up, he was moving his hands in the air as if he were doing the surgery himself.

"What are you doing!"

Alarmed by Kim's shouting, Lim stopped watching Suhyuk.

The suction sucked the blood and the target of the surgery came back into his eyes.

The incised aorta finally came out. At the same time, Suhyuk's muttering was heard in Kim's ears.

"Needle holder..."

Kim shook his head as if he was stunned.

When the nurse skillfully handed over the needle holder, Kim started stitching.

It was a technique that required a high degree of concentration.

Sometimes the surrounding organs may be torn in the process.

Kim's eyes were focused on the magnifying glass.

The inside of the operating room was quiet. Everyone focused on the voice and movement of the professor. Not just the professor, also on Suhyuk's silent murmurs that kept coming back from behind. Was he not ahead of Kim in the surgery with his words?

Where on earth did he learn that? Through books or videos?

Surgery always has anomalies. Like now, when the expected surgery time passed by a bit.

However, Suhyuk kept whispering something to Kim as if he were informing him.

No sooner did Kim gave a sigh than the suture ended.

Finally, by applying an electric shock to the heart, the medical staff fixed their eyes to the machine they were in charge of, or to the patient's heart. The heart must beat.

While everyone was thinking about it, the heart started beating again.

The heart that was stopped shook and it started to run again.

"Huhh... please take care of finishing it well."

When Kim withdrew, the rest of the medical staff gathered to stitch the opened belly.

"Suhyuk!"

Suhyuk was still mumbling something among the medical staff.

"Stitching may cause inflammation..."

The professor tapped him on the shoulder several times.

"Lee Suhyuk."

"Yes, Yes?"

"What are you doing? The surgery is done."

Suhyuk followed him with a deep sigh. Again he could have meddled with the surgery before he knew it. It was not the kind of will that he could control. As if there was no one else, only the patient was visible to him and his mood was moody.

Was it because it was the first day of practice?

Today was really strange.

If there was not the professor's voice in the middle, obviously he would have...

"Where did you learn all that?" asked Kim.

"I saw it in books," replied Suhyuk, scratching his head, to Kim who was taking off his surgery gown.

'Would he believe that I have done the surgery in my dream? It was unthinkable.'

Kim shook his head again at Suhyuk's reply.

It was a real technique that can be used even now.

Can anyone become a Suhyuk if he learns and accumulates a vast medical knowledge through books alone enough to deal with any situation in his head?

Kim, who was looking at Suhyuk dumbfoundedly, had no choice but to laugh.

Suhyuk, following Kim to the recovery room, confirmed the time. It was 7:30 pm.

It seems like he just came in and out of the operation room. It has already been 3 hours.

Of course, the duration of a stopped heart was much shorter.

"Patient, what's your name?"

The patient who underwent aortic arch reduction.

He was increasingly becoming conscious. Pulse, respiration, and blood pressure all pointed to normal values. He opened his eyes soon.

"I'm sick... Where am I?"

"It's a hospital, a hospital. Your surgery went very well."

The medical staff constantly checked the patient's consciousness.

The patient was talking incoherently like a drunk man.

"I'm going to go home," said the patient.

Suhyuk, who was next to him, muttered, "It's delirium symptom..."

It is a symptom often seen in patients who are regaining consciousness after urgent surgery. There were many cases where the patients did not know whether they had undergone surgery or where they were. It was literally chaos. But after 2 or 3 days, they go back to normal as before. During that time, the would patient often hit a doctor or a nurse, or even roughly pull a needle that is plugged into their body. Therefore, careful observation was required for patients with delirium symptoms.

"Professor, we have an emergency patient."

Kim smiled bitterly at the nurse 's call.

He could not have a brief moment of breathing space. He patted Suhyuk on the shoulder a few times.

"Even observation was hard, right? Good job. Go home and take a break."

"I'll see you on Monday."

"Okay."

Kim headed for the emergency room, and Suhyuk went out of the hospital.

Suhyuk took the cold air in with a deep breath and breathed it out with a sigh.

He missed his bed very much, but could not go to bed because he had work to do.

Suhyuk immediately went to the bus stop.



"Give me a bottle of soju here!"

Even though it was late into the night, the rice and soup restaurant was crowded with customers.

It was the kind of restaurant that would normally attract old people, but those in their early twenties were the main customers.

"Give me a bottle of soda!"

"Yes, Yes!"

Hana was running around in the narrow hall and took orders.

At that moment the door opened, and she turned back with a regrettable expression.

"It's soon time to close in a little bit..." she said.

"I was a little late today? Sorry."

It was none other than Suhyuk.

Hana seemed to harden her face, but started to do things without saying anything.

However often she shouted at him not to come, or pushed him outside, Suhyuk would come here every day on a busy day like this. She does not know how many years it has been going on.

Suhyuk laid down the bag and rolled up his sleeves.

"Please bring some more meat here!"

"Yes, sir!"

Answering with a laugh, Suhyuk went to the kitchen.

"Uncle, I've an order for more meat to Table #3!"

Hana's father, busy at that moment, was happy to see him.

"You came here again?"

He became almost resigned to his coming back.

However hard he shouted at him not to come, it fell on deaf ears to him.

Cling!!

Suhyuk turned his head at the sound of the broken glass.

When Hana was trying to move with a broom and a dustpan, Suhyuk quickly took them away.

"Let me do it. Just give me one more cup."

When Suhyuk cleared the cup, the male guest looked at Hana with a regrettable face.

The light did not turn off until 11 o'clock that night, with Suhyuk and Hana taking orders and cleaning up the tables. When they got some time to take a break finally, a male guest in his early twenties, who looked like a student, made a weird move. His friends kept quietly cheering for him as he kept touching his cell phone.

"Hey, go get her phone number like a man. Otherwise some other boy will take her."

He seemed to have decided his mind.

"Hello..."

Hana approached the guest with a smile.

"Well, do you need anything?"

"Well... well..."

After hesitating a bit, he said at once, "Can you give me your number, because you are my ideal type?"

"Ahhh..."

Hana's face blushed slightly.

She was asked that kind of question several times before, but found it difficult to manage it.

And the guest, in a situation like this, it was difficult for her to reject it.

After all, she had to lie as usual, "I'm sorry, I have a boyfriend."

"Oh, you have a boyfriend... Let me have the cheque then..."

He paid quickly like the wind and left the restaurant with his friends.

"Hahh..." Hana gave a sigh and cleaned the table.

Every time this kind of thing happened she felt as if she was losing regular customers.

In fact, most of them did not come back when she refused to give her number.

"Wow. Your popularity never goes down!"

She leered at Suhyuk who said that.

"Let's go."

"No, I have to turn off the shop sign light."

He was laughing gently.

How could he laugh like that when she kept rebuking him every day?

Shaking her head, she began to clean up the store.

When the store was almost cleaned up, Hana's father brought some food out of the kitchen. Suhyuk took it and put it down on the table. Steam was rolling up from the pot.

Kimchi stew with pork chops. It smelled wonderful.

"Come on, everyone here."

He called out one of the two, Suhyuk, who was cleaning up the soju and cups.

"Dad, go home early and rest. Why are you drinking alcohol?"

"Hey, I do not drink it all the time. Sometimes I can. Right, Suhyuk?"

"Sure," said Suhyuk, sitting down at the table with a bright smile.

"Haha, turn off the sign light and come over here."

Shaking her head with an unbelievable look, she turned off the light.

When she was about to lock the door, someone opened the door.

"Hey, it's been a while."

Hana was surprised suddenly and looked at Suhyuk.

Suhyuk was as much surprised.

He said to Dongsu, "I told you I was here, but didn't tell you to come here."

With a big smile, Dongsu came into the store and said, "Hi, sir!"

Dongsu had visited the store a few times before.

Hana's father said, with a laugh, "What is that bamboo sword?"

Chapter 42

With a funny smile, Dongsu put his bamboo sword to the side, and said, "My friend's father is the director of a fencing center, and I feel like I have to learn somehow."

When Dongsu sat down next to him, Suhyuk asked, "Why should you learn fencing?"

"Well, to be a prosecutor, you should know something about fencing," he said.

What is he talking about? What has fencing got to do with a prosecutor's job?

Suhyuk shook his head. It was impossible for Suhyuk to predict what he was thinking.

"Hey, the kimchi stew smells so good. Please give me a cup of soju, sir!" Dongsu said to Hana's father.

"Hahaha. Yeah, I guess you are stressed a lot because of studying."

After giving him soju, he looked at his daughter.

Hana was just staring at him through the door with her arms folded.

"Hana, do not stand there like that. Just come here and try some."

"I won't drink it," she said and went out.

As he stared at the door where his daughter was leaving, he smiled bitterly.

'She would not open her heart to Suhyuk who came to the store to repent from his mistakes every day. But the day will come someday when both of them will be laughing and smiling because she was not only tender-hearted but also far from having a tough character', he thought to himself.

"Now, toast."

All three toasted and drank some soju.

At that moment, the door opened and Hana came back. With a transparent red nose, she breathed on her hands as if they were freezing.

"One cup of soju will make you warm," Dongsu said.

At his words, she approached them with a reluctant look. And she, still standing, asked for a cup of soju. After savoring a sip of it slowly, she put down the cup and said, "It tastes bitter..."

"Now have some appetizers."

Hana's father gave her a spoon in which tofu and kimchi lay.

Knitting her cute frowns, she ate it quickly.

Her face seemed to lighten a little.

"Wasn't it delicious?"

When Suhyuk asked her that, her facial expression turned prim instantly.

The atmosphere grew increasingly ripe.

Dongsu kept talking to Hana's father ceaselessly, while Suhyuk just smiled listening to their conversation. Hana sipped soju as if the birds were pecking at the feed.

"Where are you going, dad?"

"To the restroom, honey."

Watching him limp on his leg to the outside, Suhyuk sighed a deep breath.

And he muttered in his heart, *'Please wait a little longer. Uncle.'*

After he emptied his soju cup at once, Dongsu suddenly looked at Hana and said, "I hear you're employed at a large company. Don't you see any pretty women in the same class? Please introduce one to me." [1]

She shook her head, holding her soju cup.

"Which lady would like someone like you who's just ignorant and wants to fight with someone?"

Dongsu straightened up his shoulders widely, and said, "Don't you know I was on TV? And I'm going to be a prosecutor. Many young ladies would come and see me in droves..."

Dongsu could not continue there because he did not have any close girls around him.

That was something Suhyuk was curious about too. Given his cool character, handsome face, and great school background, he could attract some nice girls' attention. Moreover, as he worked very hard, he would be a great judicial officer someday. Suhyuk had no doubt about it.

Then why?

"Suhyuk, you have to marry me off. Don't you have any nice girls around you?" he asked.

"Well, it is a kingdom of animals around me. Lick ants, salamanders..."

Hana shook her head, saying, "How could you compare human beings like that man?"

Dongsu, bringing his soju cup to his lips, stared at her. Was it because he had a drink? He had bloodshot eyes, too.

"Hey man, you'll find it out later. All the beautiful girls are taken by somebody already, and the rest are..."

When Dongsu wore a tearful face, Suhyuk made a dumbfounded smile.

At that moment Hana's cell phone rang.

"Dad, why don't you come back inside? What? Did you leave to meet your friends? I wish you had told me about it in advance..."

"I haven't met these friends in ages, so have a good time. Just leave the tables as they are, because I can clean up tomorrow."

So, the phone was hung up, and a text message arrived on Suhyuk's cell phone.

It was from Hana's father.

"Suhyuk, it's late already. If it's too late, I would appreciate it if you can take Hana back home."

"Do not worry."

"Let's go."

Rising from the seat, Hana began to clean up the tables.

"Hey, Why? I have not yet quenched my thirst..."

"You can do that at some other place."

"Oh, forget it. I don't know. Just one more bottle of soju. Let me just have one more and then stand up."

She stared at him, but she soon took out one bottle of soju from the refrigerator and put it on the table.

"Just one more bottle."

"Okay."



All of a sudden, all of them were getting tipsy off their faces.

Only one person, Suhyuk was sober, who even Dongsu recognized as a heavy drinker.

Hana, after sweeping her hair, stood up from the seat.

At that moment, Suhyuk hurriedly grabbed her arms because she was staggering.

Hana was looking down at his hand briefly, and then moved out.

"Where are you going?"

"Bathroom, toilet."

In the bathroom she wet her face with water to cool off her hot face, and she looked at herself in the mirror.

"Did you get drunk? Kim Hana? Wake up! You should not do this."

It was just nonsense. Images of Suhyuk kept coming back to her eyes, that smiling face of his at her screaming. Images of Suhyuk bending down to the drunk customers pissing up a storm, images of him running to the drugstore to get medicine for someone hurt or sick.

For reasons they do not know, Suhyuk smiles every day, looking at her and her father.

"How can I keep thinking of him like this? I should not do this to a bad guy who hurt my dad... Huhh..."

When she gave a sigh, a streak of tears flowed down her face.

She lifted her head suddenly and looked up at the ceiling.

"Come to your senses, Kim Hana!"

Despite her self-reproach and determination, her wishes collapsed in a moment. She dropped her head and pounded her heart.

"Boohoo... boohoo..."

Darkness, darkness.

Whenever she clinched her white hand and touched her chest, drops of tears fell down.

Who was she reproaching and blaming?

Her sobbing quietly filled the bathroom.



The weekend passed quickly.

Suhyuk, befitting of a PK practitioner, went to the hospital.

"This morning we're going round with the professor. Be careful so that you don't stand in the way. Got it?"

"Yeah!"

Park Ganghyun chuckled at the voices of the interns slightly.

It was as though the newborn chicks were chirping.

And Choi Suryon's long straight hair caught Park's eye.

Then the professor came to them. He was was a middle-aged man who seemed to be in his early 50s. The square jaw strongly emphasized his impression. He was neurosurgeon Prof. Lee Mansuk.

"So, is everyone here?"

He glanced at the interns quietly, and his eyes stopped where Suhyuk was standing.

What was he thinking? Prof. Lee fixed his eyes on Suhyuk and he nodded his head a few times and started moving. Of course, the trainees followed him.

Three interns followed him closely.

"Which patient do I see first?"

Park answered, looking at the chart, "A patient with a facial bone fracture. He has been treated."

The professor's eyes fell into his hands because the hospital call was ringing on his phone.

"Take it."

"Yes, sir."

Then Park turned his head and answered the phone quietly.

"Telling me to do it even during my break time? Are there any other staff available?"

"I think they went into the operating room."

When Park sighed, the professor asked, "What?"

"No one is available to do surgery for a lumbar puncture patient..."

The professor shook his head as if it were just hopeless.

"I have no idea how they manage the hospital. How is there no one available to do the lumbar puncture surgery?"

He paused for a moment and opened his mouth again, "It's a good experience, and it will be a good experience for the trainees. I'll go there first."

Park guided the professor.

A student, who seemed to attend high school, was lying on the stretcher, naked in his top coat. The professor gave instructions to Park.

"Let's get started. It would be better if you list the surgery order before doing it. That would be helpful to the students."

Then he looked at the students and interns.

"It's a good experience, so watch it carefully."

Park Ganghyun, who approached the patient, relaxed his tension.

"If you put up with it a little bit, it will be over soon. Crouch your body a bit more."

He naturally induced the patient to crouch his posture.

That surgery needed a technique in which a needle is placed on the vertebrae to pull the cerebrospinal fluid. If you can not pinpoint the exact location, the patient may become disabled. Park disinfected the area where the needle should be inserted and spoke out loud so that the students could hear it well.

"Keep the spine as level as possible. Bend your head and neck to make the acantha gap wide."

His face became bitter. He could not understand why he was doing this before the trainees.

Nonetheless, he had to do it because he was instructed to by the professor.

Park picked up a syringe. And the professor opened his mouth when he was trying to inject it to the target area.

"What are you using now?"

"Oh, it's a local anesthetic needle."

It was the professor's intentional question to Park that he should continue to explain each and every step of the practice.

The interns and practitioners began to write down his words. But the only one who did not, was Suhyuk.

Professor Lee looked at him with a slight glance.

Obviously he heard Suhyuk's mumbling before he spoke.

That was about what Park would do with the surgery.

Did he not hear it wrong?

"Uhh."

As the needle came in, a small moaning sounded from the patient's mouth.

It is a procedure that makes adults clench their teeth tight enough to get cold sweats.

The student put up with it well, though.

Park's moves continued.

The syringe that reached the dura mater began dropping fluid from the tail.

Park gagged at his hand and went on to explain.

Then the professor asked the interns, "Does anyone know what complications are going to happen if you don't treat lumbar puncture in the correct way or make a mistake?"

No one answered. All of them were busy laying their eyes on the floor and avoiding the professor's gaze. That's the same for Suhyuk. He was only looking at Park's procedure.

'That's what I guessed.'

The professor, who looked at Suhyuk for a moment, turned his head.

Suhyuk's body was shaking back and forth like a languid person.

Choi cast a mysterious look at him. She always watched Suhyuk's actions closely.

A thin smile flowed over her mouth. *'What kind of interesting situation will happen?'* She muttered herself and tapped him on the back gently. It was a small force but he could not withstand it and moved forward in the middle of Park treating the patient and the professor.

Narrowing his brows, the professor looked at him.

"What is it?"

After he swept his hair, Suhyuk looked at the professor.

"Brain herniation, headache, nerve damage, hemorrhage, paralysis, muscle weakness, bladder rectal symptoms, infection..."

He opened his mouth again, "And... isn't the doctor who causes the complications stupid?"

Chapter 43

It was as if time had stopped. Students and interns full of astonishment on their faces.

How did he dare behave and speak so rudely in front of the professors and the seniors?

With a deep frown, the professor did not take his eyes off Suhyuk.

Though everyone was surprised and felt discomfort, Suhyuk alone had a relaxed expression.

"Lee Suhyuk."

The professor called him.

It was not such a big voice, but Suhyuk replied with surprise.

"Yeah?"

The professor turned to him and said, "Follow me."

Suhyuk followed him for a long time. Those around him were agitated.

Suhyuk followed him with a staggering gait.

At that moment while he was feelin dizzy, his classmates and seniors were staring at him.

So did the professor. What kind of situation is this anyway?

"Huh..."

Suhyuk's, with his wide back, who deeply sighed, seemed to be kind of shabby today.

"I just feel sorry for him..."

"I wonder if he will get a big scolding..."

"Of course he will..."

Everyone cast their eyes at his back disappearing into the distance.

He was usually a quiet and good guy. Then how could he have such sudden rude behavior?

It was unbelievable, but it had already happened.

Could it have an adverse effect on his practice score?

"Quiet!"

Everyone withdrew their attention from Suhyuk at Park's voice.



Prof. Lee Mansuk's office.

Lee stared at Suhyuk sitting on the opposite side with his sharp eyes.

On the contrary, Suhyuk was staring at the table without meeting his gaze.

"Lee Suhyuk."

"Yes?"

Only then did Suhyuk lift his head.

"Have you ever studied about lumbar puncture before?"

"I read it in a book."

"I see..." he said.

Lee brought his coffee cup to his lips.

Then he asked, "Did you study legal medicine?"

In front of him was the student who unveiled the cause of death of the cadaver. Doctors too can roughly detect the cause of death, but it's very difficult to find out the exact cause like an autopsy doctor.

At his question, Suhyuk replied like before, "I studied it in a book."

"In a book..." Lee nodded his head.

Of course, it's possible to study about lumbar puncture in a book. Yeah, that's possible.

"In a little while you would become an intern and then resident, right?"

What did he want to say to me with such a cold look?

"As you know, when you become an intern, you can't even dream of personal time, let alone sleep."

Actually Suhyuk knew that very well. He heard that from his seniors.

The faces of the interns and residents who visited the hospital seemed exhausted all the time.

If they closed their eyes for even just a moment, they will likely immediately fall asleep because of their exhaustive tiredness. That would be his destiny, too.

"But I think you can be guaranteed your personal time and leisure time even if you become an intern."

"Why is that...?"

Lee laughed slightly, adding, "If you become my assistant..."

Suhyuk had no choice but to be surprised, while the professor recalled his arrogant attitude a moment ago. *'Isn't the doctor who causes complications stupid?'* His way of speaking like that was very arrogant, but Lee liked it because he was right.

Actually when he heard something coming out of somebody's mouth that he used to think about, he felt as if the vigor of his youth were waking up the cells in every corner of his body again. He even felt he wanted to get out of the office right away to get hold of a scalpel.

"What do you think about my offer?"

Lee Suhyuk, who had more medical knowledge than his peers or even the interns, he was admitted to Daehan MS after he had been on the news twice. Surely there must be some professor who wants to retain him as his assistant. At last Lee found a guy that he really liked. Naturally he had to take some action in advance, so that other professors cannot snatch him away first. Those residents who were far from meticulous, exhausted by tiredness, did not attract his attention. He could not find any enthusiasm in their eyes.

'If you decided to become a doctor to save a person, you should have at least this much vigor and spirit.'

Suhyuk had no choice but to feel embarrassed at Prof. Lee's offer. For he expected a big scolding from him, but instead he offered an assistant role for him.

"Well... let me..." muttered Suhyuk.

"Do you have another speciality in mind?" asked Lee.

With a regrettable expression, he nodded his head.

"Which speciality?"

"I want to..."

At that moment Lee cut off his words.

"Choose neurosurgery. It is the flower of medical science. There is nothing particular in other specialities. And have you heard of my name?"

Suhyuk quickly searched for his name in his head.

There was nothing special he could recall, except he was a neurosurgeon professor.

When he was hesitant to speak, Lee opened his mouth bitterly.

"I just feel embarrassed to say this by myself, but many lawmakers and rich men come to me when they get hurt. Why is that? Because I'm the best doctor in this speciality in Korea."

When Suhyuk's face was tinged with surprise, Lee made a satisfactory expression.

"How about it? Don't you feel attracted to it? If you become my assistant, money and honor will come naturally."

Suhyuk had no choice but to think it over.

Money? Of course he wanted to earn a lot so he could take good care of his parents.

But there was a priority in his work. He had to clean his sins.

"Sorry..."

"Wait a minute."

The professor, who received a call that he had an emergency patient, looked at Suhyuk

with a wistful look. Though he wanted to talk more, he had to move because only he alone could treat the patient. Of course, he could make some other time to see Suhyuk.

"Are you busy after today's practice?"

"No."

Actually he had nothing particular to do.

"Good. Come to see me after practice. I've got some more things to talk to you about."

"Yes sir," said Suhyuk, rising from the seat.



So, they broke up. Suhyuk, who was going down the stairs, had a blank face.

'Lee asking me to be his assistant...' It was a golden opportunity for him to learn a lot under the direct guidance of Prof. Lee.

"I have to tell him clearly though..."

Unfortunately he had to decline Lee's offer politely. For he had to choose another department. Suhyuk was surrounded by members of the same group.

"What did the professor say?"

"Suhyuk, why did you do that?"

Suhyuk laughed bitterly while he was listening to what his friends said about his behavior.

Only then did he faintly recall the rude words that he had said in front of the professor.

'Do I suffer from excess stress symptoms?'

When stress builds up and accumulates, this behavior disorder may come about.

'I have to rouse myself more tightly.'

When Suhyuk saw a patient, he felt impatient to treat him.

In such a situation, he just felt a headache and felt a pressure in his chest because he could not do anything as a trainee. The feeling of powerlessness he feels when he

cannot do anything with a sick patient before his eyes. Maybe that came as a big stress to him. It's about time he needed to learn to control his mind.

'The hospital has many more excellent medical staff than I, and it is not too late for me to be qualified and learn enough first before seeing the patients.' Suhyuk resolved himself like that as if he were hypnotizing himself.

"Lee Suhyuk."

Resident Park came to him quickly.

"I told you to stay silent so that you do not disturb the round. How dare you show such an arrogant behavior before the professor? Were you crazy?"

At his icy tone, Suhyuk recalled his mistakes once more in his head and said, "Sorry."

"I have never seen a guy who lost favor in the professor's eyes get a high score."

"I'm sorry"

"What did the professor say?"

"Well..."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me to be his assistant..."

"What?"

Park suspected his earring was wrong. He asked again, "You said he asked you to be his assistant?"

"Yes..."

His eyes became wide.

'Professor Lee, who seemed to have no interest in the residents, asked this yellow chick-like student to be his assistant'

Park, looking at Suhyuk quietly, was in pensive mood.

'He likes this kind of style... Why didn't I notice it up to now? Even if I appear arrogant, the professor likes the kind of vigor and spirit that I could speak out with what I have in

mind, and that is the thing. If I become his assistant, I would have a bright future before me.'

"Where is the professor now?"

"He said he would go and do the surgery."

Park, who nodded his head as if he made some resolution, began to lead the trainees again. The evening was approaching. Park went to see Prof. Lee.

"What's going on?"

Park spoke, turning over the chart.

"As for patient Choi Jinhee, you prescribed medications to her, but I think the other way is the right prescription."

The professor stared at him quietly. The inside of the professor's room was still. Only the dirt that glowed in the sky was floating freely.

When Park was intensely anxious, Lee's mouth opened, "Are you crazy?"



After finishing clinical practice, Suhyuk did not go to the house but sat in the hospital lobby.

It was because Professor Lee requested him to wait.

At that moment, a woman giving off a scent of fragrance came sitting next to him.

She was Choi Suryon.

"Are you not going to go home?"

"No. Because the professor says he has something to talk to me about..."

She was watching TV in the lobby, but there was nothing that attracted her eyes.

"You are welcomed everywhere you go."

He responded to her whispering words, "What did you say?"

Her hardened expression grew bright quickly, "Nothing, nothing at all."

She was wearing black stockings in a semi-formal suit.

She lifted her slender legs and massaged them. Fully exposed, her thigh looked breathtaking.

"I was just regretting that I wore high-heeled shoes today. I accidentally made a run in my stocking."

When Suhyuk nodded his head, turning his gaze elsewhere, she said in a coy tone, "Hey, your friend is sick right now. Would it kill you to take care of me?"

"You'll get better when you foment."

At that moment resident Park appeared.

"What are you guys doing here..."

He could not take his eyes off Choi's legs.

She quickly lowered her legs.

"What are you doing here while not going home?"

"Oh, I'm going home now," she said.

She knitted her brows while standing up. Of course, no one was aware of it because her face was buried by her long hair.

"See you tomorrow, sir. See you tomorrow, Suhyuk."

With that goodbye, she started moving.

"I want to go out for some fresh air, so let me take you to the front."

Park got close to her side. Choi did not refuse and laughed.

"Oh, thank you."

Then she looked at Suhyuk for a moment.

He was waving his hand toward himself.

'Yes, you should always act innocent as if you do not know anything. You... '

She turned around and walked out of the hospital with Park.

The crowded lobby was silent and many people started to go home one by one and others went into the hospital rooms.

"Suhyuk."

Professor Kim Jinwook, who came out to leave for home, found him.

"What are you doing not going home?"

Suhyuk rose from his seat and welcomed him, "The professor told me to see him."

"Professor, what professor?"

"Professor Lee Mansuk."

Kim Jinwook knitted his brows.

Was it because he felt too complacent?

Prof. Lee was already hell bent on getting him as his assistant.

"Really? Actually I had something to tell him. Good timing."

He had known Suhyuk from when he was an intern, so he did not have the slightest intention of just kicking his heels and losing him like that.

"Lee Suhyuk."

Suhyuk turned his head to another voice calling him

"Uh?"

Chapter 44

A man dressed in a classic suit fit for his body.

His face was also handsome like a movie star's. It was Kim Hyunwoo.

"What are you doing here?"

Kim Hyunwoo, with a slight smile, scrutinized Suhyuk up and down.

Suhyuk, dressed in a white gown, seemed to be a doctor already.

No, the Suhyuk he had in mind was already a doctor.

Even though he had no medical license, he was taking care of his mother.

"Well, I came here to inquire after someone's health. By the way, who is this person?"

"Oh, he is the professor here."

Kim Jinwook also wore a curious look.

"This is a person I know..."

"I'm Suhyuk's uncle. I hope he is in good hands."

Kim Hyunwoo reached for a handshake.

"Oh, no need to say that. He's a very smart student."

"Indeed he is," said Kim Hyunwoo, looking at him proudly as if he was his nephew.

"Well, next time I'll see you again."

Kim Hyunwoo moved straight to the elevator. At that moment he looked back at Suhyuk.

"Next week is my mother's birthday and I hope you can come. She really wants to see you."

She was irritated daily because she wanted to see the doctor.

"Yes, I will certainly come and see her."

With a peeking smile he got on the elevator.

"Has he ever come to the hospital before?" Kim Jinwook asked.

Suhyuk shook his head at his question.

"I think it's the first time he's come here."

'Kim Hyunwoo knew I was practicing at Daehan MS. If he had wanted to come here, he would surely have contacted me first.'

The professor nodded his head slowly at Suhyuk's words.

Prof. Kim had seen his face before many times somewhere, but he couldn't recall where that was.

'Where did I see him before?'

"Prof. Kim, what are you doing here?"

Prof. Lee was walking down towards him.

Kim Jinwook bowed his head and said hello.

"Long time no see. I should have come to see you first..."

"We are not the kind of people who are just happy-go-lucky. I wish we would find a new talent, so that we can take a break," said Prof. Lee.

Lee's eyes gleaming at Suhyuk shone as if he were looking at bars of gold.

"Then let's see each other next time."

Prof. Lee then prodded on Suhyuk.

"Let's go."

"Well, professor Lee," said Kim.

Lee, who was moving forward, glanced at Kim with a flinch. He felt something doubtful.

"What do you have to say?"

"I think you are going out for dinner. Can I join you? I only had bread for lunch..."

Lee looked at Suhyuk with an embarrassed look.

"I'm okay, but I think this guy will be uncomfortable."

"Hahaha. It'll be okay. I've known him all along, from the time when I was an intern."

At that moment Prof. Lee knitted his brows.



An old-fashioned home decorated with tiles.

The two professors and Suhyuk sat in a neat room.

"Of the specialty beef restaurants I have visited, there is no place like this for meat. Just go ahead and eat it."

"Thanks for the meat." Suhyuk put the raw meat on the stove.

Befitting the expensive price of the meat, the stove was made of red clay. As soon as the meat was put on, the red color of the thin beef disappeared in an instant.

"Eat it quickly. You're supposed to eat it as soon as beef is put on the stove."

At Kim's words, Suhyuk took the meat into his mouth.

"It melts in your mouth," was exactly the right expression.

The meat disappeared in his mouth even with just a few times of chewing. Suddenly his parents came to his mind.

'I'll have to come back here later with them.'

Kim Jinwook and Lee Mansuk continued to drink, while Suhyuk was eating the meat.

"Professor Lee, please drink it with the meat. Otherwise it's bad for your stomach."

Lee smiled at his words.

"Well, I do not have appetizers when I drink alcohol. Why don't you eat it? Didn't you say you had only bread for lunch..."

“Well, I just feel bloated even though I ate a little. Can I order one more bottle of alcohol?”

“Sure, go ahead.”

Although both of them did not directly express their intention, they knew it well.

This was a battle of pride to them. Whoever drinks himself down first is the loser, and the winner is given the right to win over Suhyuk’s heart.

Neither of them could ever back down and each was confident.

Both of them have never been defeated before in a drinking battle.

Empty bottles continued to pile up, with one bottle, two bottles...

And when the full course of beef was served out, Kim Jinwook, whose face got hotter with intoxication, started to speak up in earnest, "You served me delicious meat, so let me treat you at another place. I know of a great bar that I stop by at sometimes."

“Sure, why not? I would feel sorry if we part here.”

Kim heard his answer as a clear provocation. He could not be beaten.

Suhyuk shook his head quietly at both of them. It looked like they were determined to drink throughout the night.

"Then, let me leave first..." said Suhyuk.

The two professors shouted at him, "You should come with us!"



A room where sweet jazz was playing. Fresh fruits of the four seasons were well placed on the table. Kim Jinwook opened the lid of hard liquor and said, "I drank 38 year-old Royal Salute the other day, and it tasted very good, I wonder if you'd like it."

"It's a pretty expensive liquor. I know it's over two million won."

"That's why I only drink it sometimes, and seeing as I have come here tonight with you, I have to serve this much. hahaha."

'You want me to drink it up and get knocked down.'

Lee, who muttered like that, drank it with a smile.

"Oh, Suhyuk. You too should have a drink."

Suhyuk drank it without any reservation.

How was the taste of such an expensive hard liquor?

Clink, clink.

Suhyuk, who rolled ice in the cup several times, swallowed it instantly just like when he drank soju.

He felt it going down his esophagus, and he could feel some sort of fragrance inside the mouth that he could not express in words.

'That's why people like to drink this kind of liquor.'

He could probably understand why it was expensive.

"You are drinking well. Have another drink."

Suhyuk did not refuse it again this time.

As he was not in a position to join the conversation, he just had to drink.

An hour passed quickly.

When the liquor ordered ran out, Lee, very drunk, shouted at Kim, "Order one more bottle. Let me buy this time."

At that moment, Suhyuk rose from his seat.

"Where are you going?" the two professors opened their mouths at the same time.

"To the bathroom..."

Their surprised look went back to normal instantly.

"Okay, come back soon."

Inside the bathroom Suhyuk cooled off his hot face by washing it.

Was it because he drank hard liquor first? He got tipsy instantly.

He felt as if would fall asleep if he closed his eyes.

"I have to say that I have to leave first."

It was already 1am. After drying his wet hands, he went out the door.

At that moment, he ran into a man's shoulder.

"Fuck you! Open your eyes straight, okay?!"

Suhyuk, who had a slight twist in his face for a moment, soon said, "Sorry."

There was nothing good that would come about for him if he were to deal with such a guy.

It won't cause any trouble if one backs down first, and it was a place where there were the professors waiting for him.

"Watch out!" said the guy, going into the bathroom quickly.

Suhyuk moved his body again. He put his hand on the the wall while stumbling along.

Was it because he drank too much? He felt dizzy.

Moreover his black pupils had shrunk considerably and went back to normal in an instant.

The man who bumped into Suhyuk then came out.

"What the hell are you doing here? Just go home and hit the sack if you're drunk."

Staggering along, he passed by Suhyuk.

Suhyuk, who had his head lowered down, raised his head slowly.

His eyes rested on the guys back.

Suhyuk began to step towards his back.



"Damn, it's killing me."

The staggering man walked through the alley and walked well.

"Hey."

Did he hear someone calling him from behind? The man kept walking on.

"Hey."

Only then did the man turn back.

"What the hell?"

It was Suhyuk.

The man burst into laughter.

"You son of a bitch, were you following me like a puppy? Were you mad at me because of my swearing?"

Clenching his fist, he approached Suhyuk while cracking his finger knuckles.

"Sorry, but you'll get beaten up tonight seeing as you have followed me up to here."

He threw his fist at Suhyuk's face fiercely.

Surprisingly, it was the man who made a stuffy groan.

He had his back against the wall, and Suhyuk was pressing down his neck with his forearms.

"Oh, you son of a bitch...!" He could not speak any further.

It was because Suhyuk grabbed the ribs with his fingers.

Suhyuk grasped the ribs so perfectly that he would have broken the ribs if he pressed it a little harder. Suhyuk looked into his eyes coldly.

"What did you say to me?"

"Fuck you!" said the guy, but he could not say any more because of the feeling that his ribs were going to fall out. Suhyuk was pressing down on the ribs more and more.

If he had pressed even more, the bones would break sharply and would be able to cause serious damage to his organs.

It was really like using one's bones as a sword.

"What did you say to me?"

The man apologized hastily. He felt that if he resisted any more, Suhyuk would break his bones.

Though he was drunk, he could definitely sense it, because his body gave a warning that Suhyuk was dangerous.

"I'm sorry. Let go hold of your grasp first."

Suhyuk laughed.

"You asshole... you should have checked your opponent first before attacking him."

As soon as he said that, the man's body was thrown plummeting to the floor.

Suhyuk hurled him down. Suhyuk's foot hit his face.

"You want to be killed? How dare you hit me?"

At that moment someone shouted, "Het, stop right there!"

Police were coming towards them.

Someone, noticing them tangled as if they were fighting, had reported to the police.

Suhyuk, who was kicking him, stopped and muttered, "Damn it."



It was noisy and chaotic in the police box.

A drunken man sang a song loudly, and hurled curses as if he could not get over his anger over something. Among them was Suhyuk, who was sweeping up his hair.

Instead of responding to the police officer's questions, he just looked at the guy who had a fight with him as if he was still mad.

The guy who took a glance at Suhyuk said, "Oh, it's okay with me. I do not want to do anything like taking charges. Just let me go, please. I'm busy!"

With a frown, the police officer nodded his head with an appreciating gesture.

"You said you do not want to take charges and you just want to go home? Got it. But as

someone reported to us, all you have to do is write down some details on the paperwork. As it's our job, we can't help it. It'll be done quickly, So, give me your ID, please."

"I didn't bring my wallet."

The officer gave a little sigh and gave him a piece of paper.

"Write down your name and the resident number before going."

With a pen, he started to write down his personal information in a hurry.

The officer then approached Suhyuk this time.

"Hey, you heard me talking to him. As he said he didn't want to take charges, just fill out this and go home. Stop drinking."

Then someone called the officer from behind.

"Hey, brother."

The officer turned back.

A rookie officer, with a flyer in hand, was staring at the guy filling out the form.

"F*ck!"

Throwing away the pen, he jumped out of the police box quickly.

"Catch that bastard!"

The police followed him instantly.

Chapter 45

"Wake him up!"

"Hey, student, student, wake up! He won't wake up because he's far too drunk."

A police officer rummaged through his pocket, who was asleep.

He could find his cell phone instantly, and fortunately it needed no password to unlock.

While checking the contact numbers on his phone, the officer noticed '*My sister*' on the contact list. It seemed like his real sister. Though in fact, there was no way the officer knew that he had saved Han Jihye's name like that on the phone. Of course, in Han Jihye's cell phone, Suhyuk's name was saved as '*My brother*'.

The ringing sound did not last long.

"Hey, Suhyuk. What's up at this time?"

A voice came out from Han Jihye who just woke up.

It was currently 3am.

"This is a police officer. Are you Lee Suhyuk's family by any chance?"

"No..." She jumped out of bed, and added, "Yes, yes, you're right. Why are you calling?"

"Oh, Suhyuk fought against a wanted suspect..."

"Which police station are you calling from?"

Her drowsy eyes were gone and began to shine brightly.



A sight made up of police officers came into Suhyuk's eyes.

Suhyuk hastily raised his body, but a headache made his head painful.

Touching it, Suhyuk shook his head.

However expensive the liquor was, he could not help avoiding the hangover caused by it.

It was not that important to him.

'Why am I at the police station?' His memory was completely blown away.

'I should have drunk moderately... '

Suhyuk approached the police officer staring at a monitor.

At that moment, he heard a woman's voice from the side.

"Woke up?"

A beautiful woman with long hair tied behind her back, dressed in her training pants.

It was Han Jihye. She seemed like someone who just woke up and ran to find him, but even that could not hide her beauty. She gave him a cold canned drink.

"Why are you here, sister?"

Han Jihye rubbed his hair hard with her hands, and spoke to him, wearing a strange look.

"Don't you remember anything? You lost your memories completely..."

"Yes, I drank too much drink..."

Han Jihye grabbed Suhyuk's cheek and pulled it.

Her eyes were shining as if she was looking at a treasure box.

"I hear you caught the suspect. My darling! How cute you are!"

To her, there was no treasure like him.

Any news related to Suhyuk was a big scoop.

Medical student Lee Suhyuk. This time he caught a suspect who robbed several empty houses one after the other, and who the cops did not catch! How dramatic was it?

Was he not a hero in this tough world, who saved a persons' life and caught a suspect?

Suhyuk did not hide his surprised look when he heard from Han that he, fully drunk

caught a suspect. He recalled what he had said to Dongsu in the past, "You have to quit drinking."

Thinking like that, Suhyuk looked at her with a worried look.

"Did you... Did you already report about it? I would like you not to mention my name..."

It was really a big headache for him to get the spotlight.

Moving her gaze to one side, she laughed bitterly.

Suhyuks head moved along with her to a black laptop closed.

While Suhyuk was asleep, she already made a report, which went out beyond her control.

"Next time I'll take your name off!"

Suhyuk's eyes, who seemed to give up on everything, turned toward the wall clock.

It was 8 am in the morning. He was late.

"I have to attend the clinical training, so let me go."

Suhyuk quickly went to the door.

"You have to eat something first!"

Even though she reached out her hands, he was already out of the police station.



The main gate of Daehan Hospital

Suhyuk, who was running hard, received a phone call.

"Hey, do you want to be a celebrity or something after giving up your medical career? Why are you again on the internet and TV?"

Dongsu's voice, who was astonished at him, kept coming from his cellphone.

The report filed by Han at dawn already was filling the morning hour shows.

The name reported was Lee Suhyuk. Though the report did not elaborate on him, he

had a precedent in history: First aid for a high school student, and a medical student who revealed the cause of death of a cadaver. A little more research about him produced lots of related words. It was too easy to find out who he was.

"I'm going to be late now, so let's talk later."

After he hung up the phone call, Suhyuk passed through the lobby and finally arrived at a place where his peers gathered.

He could barely avoid being late.

Members of Suhyuk's group looked at him as if he was great and shook their heads.

Lee Suhyuk already drew the media's attention three times...

Was this enough to call him a semi-entertainer?

"Is your body okay?"

"Don't you deserve an award for being a brave citizen?"

Suhyuk had to smile bitterly.

The professors who drank yesterday with him also sent him messages, asking to see him after the clinical training.

If he became an intern, how many more nonsensical things would happen?

Although he became sober, he felt his head throbbed painfully.

At that moment Park Ganghyun approached them.

"Good morning, sir!"

Greeted by everyone, he nodded his head and looked at Suhyuk.

His eyes were glaring as if he were asking him what kind of guy he was.

Shaking his head, Park turned around and said to the trainees, "Today's training will take you to the emergency room, the heart of the hospital, so you have to be careful, okay?"

"Yes!"

"If you make a mistake, I will take off some scores from your usual attitude grade. Got it?"

"Yes!"

Suhyuk's group went straight into the emergency room.

There were not only those groaning patients who complained of their pain, but also other emergency patients who kept coming in. Suhyuk calmed down his throbbing heart.

It would not be late for him to become qualified and learn enough first before taking care of them.

There were many doctors in the hospital who were more excellent than he. His self mind control like that worked. He did not feel drowsy like before. Rather he felt his concentration improved.

Park turned over the interns to the resident who was almost a fixture in the emergency room.

"Sixty percent of the patients in the emergency room are all in critical condition, so be careful that you do not interfere with the medical staff treating them."

Park left the emergency room leaving behind those words. The tired resident approached the group. As if he regularly exercised, his shoulders were wide and strong, but his face belied it. He had an impression like a good bear.

"Glad to see you. My name is Oh Byungchul. You guys are not yet near the point where I test your practice abilities, right?"

"No, sir!"

Approving of their spirited voice, he made a gentle smile, and he then looked at Suhyuk.

"Are you a public figure or someone who prefers the private life?"

At his words, the trainees burst into a laughter. And it was only for a brief moment. They soon followed Oh.

Patients constantly came to the emergency room.

A child who swallowed a coin, a patient complaining of abdominal pain, or a person who was in a traffic accident. Oh Byungchul was too busy to take care of them.

For so many patients were pouring into the emergency room like water.

Several interns there were short handed. However, all of them were able to diagnose effectively and connect them quickly to the medical team appropriate for each patient.

The trainees followed Oh, holding their breath. It was the same for Suhyuk.

Bump! He turned back his head at the bump sound.

"100J!"

Bump!

As soon as the stun gun hit the patient's body, his body oscillated the bed.

"Give him more! Raise it to 150!"

Bump!

The cardiograph that made a flat oscillation showed the line going up and down on the screen.

When the doctor wiped the sweat off his forehead, Suhyuk took a sigh of relief.

At that moment there was a guy who shouted suddenly. A middle-aged man in his late 40s.

The chin line, which stands out in his dry physique, sharpened his impression.

"Then why did you call me? Because the person was dying, you want me just to know about it? With that kind of fall, he needs an emergency first aid quickly. It's too late if he gets transported here!"

The man, who took off the phone from his ears, breathed out deeply as if he was mad.

Then he put his cellphone back to his ear.

"You say the helicopter is passing by our hospital? Then stop by here briefly. Did you hear the answer he wanted?"

After he hung up the phone, he began to collect medical devices in his black bag.

Syringe, thread, scissors, sap.

It seemed as if he put everything in the bag, but all of them were essential. Then he carried his bag quickly and looked around him. His eyes met Suhyuk's.

"Are you an intern? Follow me."

He needed an assistant.

"I'm not an intern..."

The professor turned around and stared sharply at Suhyuk when he heard no indication of his following. Suhyuk looked at Oh with a perplexed expression.

Oh then looked at the professor and Suhyuk in turn. The professor's voice was heard at the moment, "Do come quickly!"

With a frown, Oh said to Suhyuk, "The professor is calling you. Just follow him quickly!"

"Yes, yes."

Suhyuk had to follow the professor.

Suhyuk and the professor were standing in front of the elevator.

Where does he want to go? The professor pushed the top button.

"The door opens," said a recorded message.

The professor first entered the elevator and Suhyuk got in.

"A person fell off the cliff while climbing."

"Professor, I'm not an intern..."

Did he hear Suhyuk?

The professor received a phone call. Even though they were in the elevator, the phone rang very well.

"Did you land? Okay."

They arrived on the rooftop. Suhyuk had no choice but to open his mouth because a helicopter was waiting with a loud noise. It was a 119 emergency helicopter.

'I wonder if he will get aboard the helicopter.'

His prediction was correct.

"Do get in quickly!" said the professor.

At his pressing, Suhyuk lowered his body and approached the helicopter.

He had not yet even boarded a plane, and now he was getting aboard a helicopter.

He could see the hospital disappearing gradually in the distance...



At a mountainside.

Trees were shaken by the powerful propeller of the helicopter, and they saw two people in red climbing gear there. They were so lucky that they were hanging in the middle area protruded from a vertical cliff. It was literally sheer luck. However, there was no sign of their movement.

A rope fell off the helicopter, and the rescue team started to take off. The rope swinging in the wind looked very dangerous.

The professor was watching it seriously in the helicopter.

Suhyuk looked at him.

'Did he come to see the patient by using a helicopter?'

He did not hear or see that there was such a doctor.

No, he was watching such a doctor now.

Looking at the professor, Suhyuk's heart pounded hard, and it came to his mind: *'He's a genuine doctor.'*

Soon, one unconscious person came up into the helicopter. Now the other person was left.

The professor took off his overcoat while waiting, and he scrutinized the patient's chest, belly, and arms with his hands. At the same time, he knitted his brows suddenly.

"Hah... there is nothing normal in his body..."

His arms and ribs were broken. Suhyuk already recognized the seriousness of his condition. The bulging belly was clearly marked with a bruise. It was very possible that the organs were damaged. With such a condition, it was essential to pierce through his chest and inject drugs.

The professor, with a regrettable and serious expression, looked at Suhyuk.

Chapter 46

"Seeing as you're an intern, have you observed a lot of surgeries?"

Suhyuk opened his mouth with an embarrassed expression.

"I'm only a PK^[1]."

'Why do I feel sorry to him when I was forced to come here involuntarily?'

"What the heck?"

The professor, who had a cold look, quickly softened his face.

Actually he was in a situation where he had to deal with all the work, including the role of an assistant. He lifted the patient's closed eyelids to check the pupils.

No matter how the professor flashed the light from the torch in the eyes, there was no reaction from the patient.

Clearly he was in an unconscious state.

Giving a sigh, he immediately put on an oxygen mask to help the patient breathe, and then checked the blood pressure. The professor knitted his brows. He could not get any blood pressure. It was impossible to administer medication to the peripheral vein.

The criterion for severely traumatized patients worldwide is when they fall down from a place higher than 6 meters up. It was natural that the patient's body would have problems, because he fell down from a place as high as 13 meters. One has no choice but to create a route to administer the drug by using the central line^[2].

Then the other patient was brought into the helicopter.

Suhyuk helped to move the patient and lay him down, and he took off his clothes and checked the status as if he were performing an assistants role.

"Professor, I can't get his blood pressure."

At his words, his face was further distorted. The condition of the two patients was serious.

The professor moved hastily. First, he applied a local anesthesia to the patient in front of him, and poured out all the stuff from the bag he had packed. Inside was a box of long length. It was a kit exclusively for central venous catheter insertion. It was composed of a long and thick needle, wire and drape, suture and so on.

The professor began disinfecting the dimple beneath the collarbone of the patient.

His eyes shone sharply and he had a point in his eyes.

He located a position to poke a long and thick paracentesis needle, which needed a skill that required a high concentration as the needle was put into the chest.

Pneumothorax^[3] could have happened if the needle was slightly deflected or stretched.

Besides, they were inside the helicopter that shook the surroundings.

Even the professor, unable to balance his body and hands, was shaking.

But there was no hesitation. The needle was pierced into the vena cava precisely.

His work did not end there. He inserted a guide wire all the way through the needle.

As he wore such a serious look, his face seemed to have no expression at all.

At that moment the professor's eyes moved toward Suhyuk. He was drawing out blood in the abdomen with a syringe. Not only did he do that but he also marked off the exact location with the disinfectant to draw the C line correctly.

"You say you're a student?" asked the professor.

Because it is not easy for a student to draw blood from the abdomen as well as locate the exact position to catch the C line.

"He seemed to be in such a critical condition, so I drew out the blood first."

Moving his hands busily, the professor alternately looked at his patient and the patient Suhyuk was taking care of. The Golden Time has already passed. Five hours after the accident.

Even one more second could not be missed. And there were not enough hands to treat the patients. The professor turned the unvented central venous catheter insertion kit to Suhyuk, and he said, "Just poke it where you already marked off."

What he meant was that he apply the paracentesis needle to the C line. Winding the wire, he opened his mouth again, "You just do it as I tell you to do. First, put the needle..."

At that moment the professor had no choice but to stop talking, because he found the needle already being stuck in the patient's chest. He saw Suhyuk doing it skillfully. That was not all. When the blood flowed back, Suhyuk was checking whether it was an artery or not.

"Oh... just marvelous," said the professor.

The professor, shaking his head with a dumbfounded expression, focused on his patient.

Blood was supplied through the line planted in the patient's chests, and various liquids were also inserted. Then, little by little, the condition of the patients began to recover with signs of vitality appearing.

However, it was necessary not to be careless.

They had to confirm the exact diagnosis at the hospital.

The two of them continued to pull blood from the patients' abdomens.

Whenever they did so, the professor looked at Suhyuk unbelievably.

Beads of sweat dropped from his forehead. He could have wiped the sweat blocking his vision, but instead he just concentrated on the procedures. His eyes looked even somewhat scary.

The propeller of the helicopter was running for about 30 minutes. Finally it reached the rooftop of the hospital. The waiting medical staff rushed toward it quickly. They carefully laid the patients on the wheeled bed and headed for the elevator.

"Run! Faster!"

At the professor's shouting the medical staff quickened their gait. It was the same for Suhyuk.

Pushing the stretcher with the medical staff, Suhyuk's eyes were tinged with regret.

"Could they ever stand up again?"

Suhyuk looked at the professor yelling at the medical staff.

'He could... The expressionless face and the quick action of his when he deals with a patient. In a way it seemed he took care of them without caring about them. There was no hesitation or indecision on his part. But his glaring eyes were different. He was full of a determination that he could do his best to treat a patient.' Suhyuk clearly could discern it.

The two patients had examinations immediately. As expected, their organs were damaged and abdominal bleeding was severe. The bones were cracked and broken. The situation was urgent. Eventually, the professor decided to take care of the most urgent patient, and the other patient was assigned to another team.

Before entering the operating room, the professor said to the patient's wailing family, "I will do my best, calm down and look at me, and I will do my best."

The guardians also grabbed Suhyuk's hands and entreated him to save his life.

Whatever money the surgery needed, they said they did not care as long as his life could be saved.

Suhyuk's expression changed bitterly, because the patient's condition was too serious.

He wondered if the patient could survive, and he could not participate in the surgery.

So Suhyuk looked at the professor who entered the operating room.

Somehow he felt the professor could save the patient by all means. He just felt it vaguely.

Soon the door to the operating room was closed and Suhyuk turned back.

At that moment, the door opened again.

"Where are you going?" the professor appeared again and asked of Suhyuk.

"As you have touched the patient, you have to take responsibility until the end!"

So, Suhyuk went into the operating room.

The operating room with a cold mechanical sound.

The medical staff were moving busily. Blood and sap were hanging around and the

preparation for surgery was over. Then the professor moved with a scalpel. Finally, the patient's abdomen was opened, and a sigh came out from the mouth of the professor.

The organs were ruptured and distension was occurring. Watching it nearby, Suhyuk knitted his brows. The blood caused by damaged organs was sloshing in there.

It was impossible to pinpoint exactly which organ was ruptured and how much blood was to be ablated because the blood blocked his vision.

"First we will lower the pressure at the site where the distension occurred. Suction!"

What the professor meant was to draw out the blood from the organ with distension.

The scalpel moved, and the organs poured blood like water guns.

The medical staff were quick to respond. They immediately put the suction device to draw the blood coming up.

"Irrigation!"

When the professor ordered, the speciality nurse handed down the saline solution. "More."

The saline in the container continued to pour into the abdomen of the patient. Saline was sloshing with the blood in the patient's abdomen. The device continued to suck out the blood. But that was not enough. In the end, the blood was overflowing and the floor was filled with blood.

In order to prevent slipping, the medical staff threw down onto the floor surgical gowns and the doctor gowns hung on one side. After removing blood and saline, they could see the ruptured organs finally. The professor shook his head while Suhyuk gave a sigh.

Now they had to find out how much of the ruptured organs they had to incise, and where bleeding occurred. The professor's hand moved busily. Next to him, Suhyuk was just watching.

Although the professor told him to take responsibility for the patient, he was a student.

He could not have him use the scalpel.

"I feel like the inside of the patient's stomach had received a shock," Suhyuk murmured.

With a faint sigh, the professor stared at Suhyuk.

He confirmed the patient's condition, but when he reexamined it, Suhyuk was right.

Was he really a PK? His suspicion quickly disappeared.

Now it was time for him to concentrate on the patient.



After four hours of long surgery, the patient was taken to the recovery room.

Now that the patient had his damaged organs partly cut and removed, it was time for him to fight the complications. The professor met the guardians immediately.

"The surgery did go very well, but I need to check the progress. So, please steel yourselves. You will have a lot of difficulties from now on. The patient will become strong when you're strong-minded. I'll do my best until then."

After meeting the guardians, the professor moved with Suhyuk.

"Where are you going, sir?"

At his question, he answered briefly, "To smoke a cigarette."

The two escaped the hospital building and arrived at the smoking room.

As the cigarette was burning, the smoke filled the professor's lungs and then it came out.

"Huhwu..."

The professor was looking up at the night sky and said, "He did look like a climber, did he not?"

"Yes," Suhyuk nodded his head.

He was referring to the patient he just did the surgery for.

He could feel it from the patient's clothes.

"He fell down while working."

The professor heard from someone that he fell down while carving a rock. He could

not know what he was carving and how much he was making for that, but one thing was certain.

"Do you know what kind of work most emergency patients in critical condition are doing?" asked the professor.

Suhyuk shook his head. He did not know it.

The professor, puffing out the smoke, said with a lonely smile, "Most of them are doing manual work, such as shipping deliveries or working at distribution centers, and many of them come to the hospital as patients."

Mainly poor people suffering from daily life get involved in accidents.

About 80% of those patients had similar jobs. Those without enough income become more exposed to risk and become patients. The professor no longer spoke.

As those people were in such a miserable condition, does it mean that doctors should do their best to treat them? Suhyuk was nodding his head, when the professor put out the smoked cigarette and put a new one in his mouth.

"By the way, are you really a student? What's your identity?"

He skillfully located the C line and the bleeding area of the patient in the operating room, which was a high-level technique that a PK could never carry out. Suhyuk just scratched his head.

'Finally the time came... What should I tell you?'

Suhyuk opened his mouth.

[1] Poli Clinic

[2] Central line is basically a large vein and this is where the catheter is inserted into.

[3] Abnormal collection of air between the lung and chest wall.

Chapter 47

"Well..."

"Professor!" called an intern who rushed toward the professor urgently just as Suhyuk was about to open his mouth.

"There is an emergency patient."

A thick cigarette smoke puffed into the air from the professor's mouth.

He rubbed out the cigarette and looked up at Suhyuk.

"PK student, I'll see you next time."

So the professor left the room, and Suhyuk looked up at the sky and said in a soft voice, "In my dream, it was him that I learned from, and he was a very scary person. It's a dream... It's like a dream," his muttering spread into the sky.

Surprisingly someone replied to it. She had been leaning against a drink vending machine as if she were hiding there. It was Choi Suryon.

"In a dream? Humm... you're talking about some strange things..."

A dark shadow covered her face, but her white teeth were shining brightly.



Suhyuk immediately went to see Professor Lee Mansuk.

"You're a little late."

"Sorry."

"It's okay, it's okay. That can happen when you're busy."

When Suhyuk sat down, he opened his mouth, "Anyway, did you catch the suspect? That's why you disappeared without a word yesterday."

"I was absent-minded yesterday. I'm sorry."

He could not remember how he caught the suspect. As he was drunk, he fell asleep soundly soon after the incident.

At his words, the professor nodded his head approvingly.

He seemed to show he was a generous person.

"Have you thought about my offer?"

He asked him to be his assistant.

"I'm sorry," replied Suhyuk.

The professor's expression was surprisingly calm.

He just nodded and lifted his coffee cup.

"Anytime, you can come and see me if you change your mind."

"Thank you."

After that, they exchanged some trifle conversation...

Suhyuk then said goodbye and rose up from his seat.

The professor fixed his gaze on the back of Suhyuk, who went outside.

'You will come to me at the end of the day. I will make you come to me.'

Suhyuk came out into the hallway and went straight to Kim Jinwook.

Kim greeted him with great delight.

He handed Suhyuk a cup of coffee that he brewed himself, and talked for a while about what happened yesterday. They did not exchange any particular conversation.

"Yeah, I'll see you again tomorrow," said the professor.

Suhyuk, who went out of the faculty room, shook his head.

As things stand now, he may have to stop by the two professors' offices every day first thing in the morning.

"Huhwoo..."

He did not expect that he would be so busy like that.

With a low sigh, he moved to the elevator to return home.

Then his cell phone vibrated. It was a call from Dongsu.

"Are you busy?"

"I'm going home now."

"I'll introduce you to a girl. So, come to my place."

Suhyuk shook his head without realising it.

"Are you not studying?"

"I got first place in the class this time," Dongsu said.

Was he a genius?"

"Introducing me to a girl at this hour? I'm going home."

It was already 9 o'clock at night.

"Come out. I'm in front of the hospital."

Suhyuk was blown away by his insistence.

When did he get here?

"I'm tired today."

"Just get out here."

The phone was hung up like that.

When Suhyuk walked out of the hospital, Dongsu, leaning on the street pole, revealed himself sneakily.

"Why did it take so long for a trainee to go home?"

"Did you wait for me? Do you even know when it is that I finish?"

"No, I didn't wait. I was nearby, and came here as you were done."

Suhyuk looked at him up and down.

Dongsu was dressed up in a clean, unusual suit.

Suhyuk soon realized his intention.

"No way... Are you here for a blind date?"

"You're quick witted! Actually I want you to meet a lady whose partner didn't come."

"Go somewhere else to find her partner. I'm so tired today. I even got aboard a helicopter."

"What?! Helicopter?"

Dongsu quickly caught up with Suhyuk, who was walking ahead.

"Please do me a favor only this time. Please, brother Suhyuk!"

Dongsu was staring at him with earnest eyes.

"Well... Let me just sit down briefly and leave after, brother!"



A man in front of the bar welcomed Dongsu.

He was in the same class from the same law school.

His eyes became wide at Suhyuk.

"Was he really your friend?"

"Yeah, I told you man, he was a real friend of mine."

Suhyuk first greeted him.

"Hello."

"Hello. I've heard a lot about you from Dongsu, and I've seen you on TV too."

When Suhyuk smiled awkwardly, he said to Dongsu playfully, "Did you bring too strong of a competitor?"

"Do not worry. He's such a fool, so he will stay like a mannequin and go away."

So, they went in. The bar was buzzing with singing and people's voices.

They sat at an appropriate place and waited for their partners.

A short time passed. After 20 minutes, three beautiful women came to the spot.

They were dance majors.

"Hello."

The eyes of the three guys began to shine brightly. Not only their faces but also their figures were great.

No wonder those dance girls were clearly different from other girls.

"Oh, you must be Lee Suhyuk, right, right?" a girl who recognized him said.

Not only she but the other girls also recognized him.

"I saw you on TV when I was a middle school girl. I heard that you caught a criminal suspect this time."

All of their gazes were fixed on Suhyuk.

"Don't you have a girlfriend? How come you are here for a blind date?"

At that moment Dongsu interrupted, "I also was on TV hahaha."

Unfortunately, they did not recognize him.

"Oh, you were..."

They then introduced themselves naturally. First, the men simply told the girls about their age and name, and the women followed suit.

"Hello, I am 22 years old and my name is Han Isul, Korean dance major."

She had big beautiful eyes resembling a puppy's. She also had a good impression.

After she introduced herself, Dongsu whispered to Suhyuk, "She's mine."

Suhyuk shook his head and nodded with a sip of water.

"Hello, my name is Im Heeyon, and I'm of the same class with Isul."

She was an exotic girl with a small face and well-defined features.

When she smiled shyly, the dimples gently setting in her face looked pretty.

"Hello, my name is Yun Kahee. I'm also of the same class."

She was like a modern chic woman. Yun's v-necked clothes showed her breathtaking breasts every time she moved.

After the introduction, they exchanged drinks a few times.

The awkward atmosphere was soon gone and they were having a great time gradually.

"Aren't you medical students busy? I was told that you were too busy to even eat..."

"Not necessarily..."

Actually it's when they became interns that they start become hectically busy.

Suhyuk poured beer into his cup.

"Oh, I'm sorry. Let me pour it for you."

"Thank you."

Then Dongsu rose from his seat.

"We can't skip this game at a drinking party like this. Do you know the number-matching game on the bottle cap?"

"Of course!"

So they played various games.

Suhyuk never got tricked during the game. Others put their brains to work to tempt him to get tricked, but it was not easy. The containers of soju and beer changed from time to time, but did not land on Suhyuk. Suhyuk rose from his seat while they were laughing and talking like that. Opening their eyes widely, the female students looked up at him.

Dongsu asked hastily, "Where are you going?"

"To the bathroom..."

When he was heading to the bathroom, his phone was ringing.

"You are not going home, right?"

"No, don't worry."

"Leave your phone here when you go to the bathroom."

With a feigned smile, Suhyuk walked into the bathroom, shaking his head.

At that moment he heard some voices from behind him.

"Hello..."

Suhyuk looked back. It was Im Heeyon who looked pretty.

"Yeah?"

She showed hesitation at Suhyuk's response.

Her cheeks blushed.

"Can I get your contact number?"

Throughout the drinking binge, she remained silent all along, and he heard vaguely that she was forced to come to this place by her friends.

It would not have been easy for her to pluck up her courage like this.

With a gentle smile, Suhyuk put his number on the phone she gave him.

She bent to say goodbye.

"Let me leave first because of the curfew hour... Nice to meet you."

She ran away from the bar as if she were fleeing.

"I think I should leave too, so that the others can enjoy themselves as a pair."

Suhyuk quietly went out of the bar.



The cold air of the outside made him feel strangely excited.

He was sober because he drank only a few glasses.

It was 10:30pm. Hana's Rice and Soup store was not yet closed at that time.

They will be busy preparing to close a bit later.

He visualized the sight of Hana and her father cleaning up the tables and washing the dishes piled up like a mountain. Suhyuk moved without hesitation. At that moment he saw a bus destined for Hana's store arriving at the bus stop. He quickened his gait to the stop.



As he opened the door, Hana was sweeping the floor and cleaning the table as expected.

"Hi?" said Suhyuk.

She leered at him as if she were asking him why he came again, and as soon as she was about to say something, he had already disappeared into the kitchen.

"How are you sir?"

"Hey, why are you here? We're almost closed for the day."

"I'm bored."

The kitchen sink was piled up with pots.

Suhyuk rolled up the sleeves of his shirt and pushed him out inch by inch.

"Let me do the dishes."

Hana's father stepped away from Suhyuk looking at him as if he were resigned.

Suhyuk immediately began washing dishes.

Finishing the dishes quickly, he came out alone, dusting off his hands, and he checked his cell phone. It was a little past 11pm.

"Oh, look at that."

Suhyuk, who put down his cell phone at the table, approached him.

Hana's father watched the news with a frown. The news had it that a house was robbed and all the family members were killed. Suhyuk also looked sad. Death due to excessive bleeding.

"If they were taken quickly to the hospital, they could have survived..."

Of course, as long as the organs were not damaged.

Then he said, "Ooops, I'm being absent-minded. I have to throw away the garbage." He moved in with limp.

But Suhyuk moved faster.

"Let me throw it away."

Suhyuk grabbed a bag of garbage that was on one side.

Beep. The cell phone rang at the table. The message screen was displayed openly, which read "It's Im Heeyon. Are you still the bar? It was really fun today. I want to see you again if a chance comes along..."

When Suhyuk was about to catch his cell phone, Hana snatched it quickly as if she were taking away the trash bag.

"Isn't it a lie that medical students are busy? You have plenty of time to see a woman and drink."

After throwing icy remarks like that, she went out with the garbage dump.

Hana's father laughed silently at her gesture like that. And he looked at Suhyuk scratching his head. His daughter's gaze at Suhyuk. How could he not know the meaning of such a gaze as her father?

"Suhyuk?"

"Yeah?"

"What do you think about Hana?"

Suhyuk answered with a smile, "She is pretty, popular and works at large company."

She seems to be the perfect girl.”

“Of course, she is. I mean, what do you think of her as a woman?”

Suhyuk was speechless at that moment.

Wu-dang-tang! A loud sound was heard from outside.

“Damn it. They have to learn how to drink...”

Hana’s father shook his head.

At this time of the day there were constant noises of drunk people and those talking loudly.

Then, he came to think of his daughter who went out to throw away the garbage.

With an anxious expression, he was about to stand up, but Suhyuk moved quickly.

“Let me go out.”

He opened the door.

Vroom!

It seemed that a bike passed by. He saw a motorcycle disappearing rapidly.

‘How can a motorcycle drive that fast in an alley like this? What if they had caused an accident?’

Looking at the disappearing motorcycle with an upset expression, Suhyuk moved toward the garbage collection box. Walking a few footsteps like this, he tilted his head sideways.

The garbage bag that Hana carried was thrown onto the street with its side broken open.

And Hana was there fallen down.

“Oh my god, Hana...”

Staring at her blankly, Suhyuk quickly came to her. A red stream of blood from her body flowed along the slope of the road. Her eyes closed halfway. Hana opened her mouth as if she was murmuring.

"I am so sleepy..."

Chapter 48

Suhyuk's eyes were filled with despair.

Hana was bleeding too much.

"What happened... How did this happen?!"

It seemed to be related to the motorcycle that disappeared down the alley a little while before. But right now, that was not important. He scrutinized her whole body quickly to find the area the blood was pouring from.

"Where is it... Hana, which area do you feel pain from?"

He could not see the wound. But he could not touch her body carelessly because moving her wrongly could lead to more blood gushing out. Suhyuk continued to check her body.

Suhyuk had a look on his face that seemed horrifying.

Some mumbling came out of her mouth, as she were looking at him blankly.

"You... you are not crying, are you?"

His eyes became red as drops of tears looked like they were about to fall off if he blinked his eyes.

"Hana... tell me, which area do you feel pain from?"

She made a hard smile. And her eyes were becoming closed more and more.

"I feel cold."

Her eyes closed with a short voice after that.

"Wake up! Don't close your eyes. Open your eyes!"

Suhyuk caught her slender shoulders.

"Wake up, you have to harass me like before. Just harass me with open eyes like before!"

Despite Suhyuk's screaming, her closed eyes would not open.

Drip. drip.

Sparkling drops of tears from Suhyuk's eyes fell down onto Hana's white face.

"Let's go, let's get up, let's go to the hospital, hospital..."

Suhyuk raised her body in a hugging style. At that moment, a rebar was pulled out from her back. A rebar as long as 8 cm had been nailed into her back.

Rushing into the rice and soup house, Suhyuk shouted, "Call 119!"

He laid her back down with her belly touching on the ground.

Surprised, her father fell before her while rushing forward.

"Hey, why are you doing this?"

Suhyuk did not answer him, but dialed 119 first.

"Here with me is a patient with excessive bleeding. Please come quickly! Blood type B blood packs are needed urgently. The patient may die soon."

He ended the call after mentioning the address.

After soaking a towel, he squeezed it out completely. Suhyuk came back to her urgently, and tore off her clothes. There was a deeply penetrating wound on her waist. The blood gushing from there reddened her white skin. He blocked it with a towel right away. The bleeding site was not very good.

If it was her leg or an arm, he would tie it with a string, but it was her waist.

And her white face became more and more pale like a piece of white paper.

With a blank expression, her father shook her upper body.

"Hana, Hana, wake up! Why are you lying down? It's dirty, get up!"

Suhyuk, who was blocking the bleeding wound, pushed him away.

"Father, she will bleed more if you move her. So, trust me."

"What's wrong with you, Hana..."

About 5 minutes passed. 119 paramedics rushed in.

Appreciating Suhyuk's words, they carefully shifted Hana to the stretcher.

Suhyuk, riding with the ambulance, hardened his expression because he did not see what he wanted anywhere.

"Did you bring any blood type B?"

They shook their heads.

B-type blood packs usually found in abundance were not available at all on that day.

Suhyuk was forced to look at her with a sigh. He wanted to use a syringe to pull blood out of him his own blood, but even with the same blood type, if the leukocytes in his blood were not compatible with hers, they would attack each other. Then the situation would become worse, and Hana would...

Suhyuk grasped her white hand firmly, which seemed to be infinitely weak.



As soon as Hana arrived at the hospital, she immediately was examined.

As the doctor was examining her CT, Suhyuk was there next to him.

"Student, look here..."

"Please do a blood transfusion first, because it is urgent!"

The doctor flinched at his sharp eyes.

"Student, we have the procedure to follow..."

"Don't you see her blood pressure is plummeting inducing hypothermia?"

Hana lying on the stretcher was headed to the operating room.

"Guardians, please wait here."

Despite the nurses' request, Suhyuk was trying to get into the operating room.

"Guardian!"

Only at the doctor's shouting did Suhyuk come to his senses and said, "A rebar pierced into her back missing the organs, so it seems there was no organ damage. Just in case, however..."

"I will do my best."

The doctor said so and disappeared.

Suhyuk sat on the waiting chair.

"You can survive, Hana. You can survive, you have to get up."

There was nothing he could do at this moment.

Suhyuk looking down at his hands with which he wrapped his face.

Just futile. When he really needed to, he could not use his own hands.

Suhyuk wrapped his face again. His mumbling of self-reproach kept coming out between his fingers.

"Damn it... Damn... Stupid me!"

At that moment he heard someone's footsteps.

Limping, limping.

Hana's father.

He was walking fast while looking at the red light indicating there was an operation going on.

"Hana, she will be okay?"

Suhyuk rose from the seat.

"She'll be okay, and she will definitely get up again."

Since when did it start? Tears that he could not control were dropping from his eyes.

When he wiped tears like a child, Hana's father hugged him.

"Yeah, you're a medical student, and if you say she is okay, she will be okay. Yeah..."

Hugged in Hana's father's arms, Suhyuk, who was dropping his head, could see his

wounded foot was bare, with one shoe lost. Suhyuk had not yet fixed this foot of his. And the same for Hana who closed her eyes before him.

'How stupid of me... Lee Suhyuk, you're such a stupid guy.'

Suhyuk fell down on one knee and shook the dirt off his foot, saying, "I'm sorry, I'm so sorry."

"What are you sorry for? I told you not to say sorry again..."

Even from his eyes staring at the closed operating room door, tears were falling.



Probably, it was on a certain night. The winter night where white snow was falling aplenty.

Yes, it was. White snow falling heavily on the lights of the tree-lined streets looked as beautiful as flowers. Right there I slipped like a fool and probably had my ankles sprained. You knelt on the white snow and stroked my reddened ankles. That day... Do you remember?



Hana's eyes opened gently. A fluorescent light shining white came into her eyes.

"Hana?"

Her eyes moved sideways. It was Suhyuk.

"How do you feel? Can you see me?"

His face that at first appeared blurred was then seen clearly, and his voice was heard distinctly.

"Your father just went to the bathroom."

She nodded slowly. Then, she looked at Suhyuk silently who was checking her condition.

'Back then, he must have been very cold because his knees were buried in snow.'

"Suhyuk."

"Don't overdo yourself. You may come speak another time."

Suhyuk moistened her cracked lips with a towel.

There was a slight smile on Hana's eyes.

"Back then, you felt very cold?"

"Uh? What?"

Hana slowly shook her head as if she were asking him how he could not remember it. And when she opened her eyes again, her gaze was fixed on Suhyuk's knees.



She has been hospitalized for over a week.

Fortunately, there were no complications, and her body recovered quickly.

After clinical practice, Suhyuk came to Hana right away.

Suhyuk, who visited her room today, checked her physical condition here and there, as if he were her primary care physician.

"I am okay."

Suhyuk laughed gently, "Yeah, I think you're definitely better now."

It seemed to be possible for her to be discharged soon.

That was not all, of course. That motorcycle that hit her shoulder and ran off; the hit-and-run criminal had to be arrested.

"The police are still investigating the incident."

She nodded and opened her mouth, "I am feeling stuffy in here."

When she tried to get up from her seat, Suhyuk helped her. And he helped her to sit in the wheelchair.

"It's cold outside."

He covered her with his padded clothes.

She hugged the fluffy padded clothes of his, and could feel his warmth.

Does he use perfume? The smell is also good.

Suhyuk looked at her with a smile.

'Now... I do not know what to think.'

She laughed and said, "Let's go."

Today of all days there seemed to be so many stars in the night sky.

"Don't you feel cold?" asked Suhyuk.

Hana looked up at him and replied, "Yes."

Suhyuk looked down at her. Hana's two eyes holding the stars twinkled.

"Huh, I feel the atmosphere here smells a little fishy?"

The two turned their heads toward a familiar voice.

It was Dongsu walking with a black bag.

Suhyuk answered with a smile.

"What's in there?"

"Spicy roasted rice cake and boiled sausage."

Hana narrowed her eyes.

"I never said I wanted to eat it, and now I can not eat anything."

"It's okay, you will not die after eating it. Just try it. You won't be able to stop once you start eating."

Suhyuk opened his mouth, "You just bought it because you wanted to eat it."



The students who had been following the resident for a long time were about to cry.

Question after question after they made the rounds. When they could not answer, they had to get a scolding. And they deserved it. So, their practice scores were cut and cut like that.

There were more students who did not answer the questions than those who did. The atmosphere among Suhyuk's group was subdued heavily. Nonetheless, there was one person who kept up with an expression like Buddha. It was none other than Suhyuk.

He answered any questions given to him without any embarrassment. Residents from each department shook their heads as if they were stunned. The group who belonged to Suhyuk, who made an expression different from the others, moved to the cafeteria for lunch.

"Maybe he was the famous Chinese doctor Hua Tuo in his previous life..."

"No, he would have been Hippocrates..."

"He might have been born with a scalpel in his hand..."

All the group members praised him, but their expressions were calm. Well, they have seen it not just once or twice, so they were not aroused like before.

"Does your head feel okay?"

At Choi Suryon's asking, Suhyuk made a curious expression.

When was I sick? She asked again, "Are you alright? You seem normal?"

"Well..."

She slowly nodded her head and kept holding and then putting down her jacket as if it were hot.

Whenever she did so, her white breast bone became exposed and then disappeared.

Choi glanced at him and knitted her brows because he was gazing somewhere.

Suhyuk, who stopped his walking, opened his eyes wide.

He surely saw her somewhere before. A familiar face to him.

"Hey, my eyes saw correctly!"

The grandmother approaching him and grasped his hands.

Only then could he recall her face.

As a freshman in college, he did a volunteering job briefly in the hillside village.

She was the very old woman who had pain on the back of her foot.

Suhyuk smiled at her naturally.

"Hello, how are you madam?"

"Yes, yes, thanks to you I was doing okay."

And she turned back and called out to others.

"I told you this is the right place. Right here!"

Grandmothers and grandfathers, looking around, came to where Suhyuk was standing.

Chapter 49

Suhyuk's smile became brighter.

He met them when he worked as a volunteer for briquette delivery service during college.

Every one of them grabbed his hands warmly. Wearing smiles on their wrinkled faces, they offered him words of gratitude.

"I told you he was a doctor. Right?"

"Thank you very much for back then. We were so worried because you suddenly disappeared without saying a word."

"Hey, we met him again like this, and that's enough!"

At their exchange of words, Suhyuk laughed softly.

"I'm still a medical student..."

"Ah! Have you had lunch lunch yet?"

"No, I'm actually just now going to eat."

"Good, good. You don't have to go out to buy lunch. Just share this food with us."

The grandma lifted a pink wrapping cloth. But then the grandpa next to her shook his head, saying, "Hey, old hag, don't you know that young people do not eat this?"

"Oh, really?"

Suhyuk laughed, "I am happy to eat any and all food."

He could eat lunch for 1,000 won at the staff-only restaurant, but he felt it hard to break up with those nice people that he had not met in such a long time.

"What is all the food?"

She laughed and said, "I wonder if you like seaweed rolls and miso soup."

"I love seaweed rolls very much."

Suhyuk guided them to the elevator. On the rooftop of the hospital there was a sky park where patients and carers could rest. There were small trees and grass on it. Of course, the place where the helicopter could land was located elsewhere in the sky park.

"Suhyuk," Choi Suryon called, but Suhyuk said, "Sorry, I'll eat with them today."

Suhyuk got on the elevator with the elderly people.

It was not cold. Even the winds blowing occasionally felt warm enough.

Seaweed rolls and miso soup in a Thermos bottle.

She offered him miso soup using the cap of the Thermos bottle.

"Drink it."

"Thanks for the soup. It is very delicious."

She smiled like a girl. Eating a seaweed roll, Suhyuk asked, "What brought you here, by the way?"

"Oh, someone in my village has been hospitalized..."

Suhyuk's eyes grew bigger.

"Is the patient feeling very uncomfortable?"

"No, the surgery was well done. And he says he's okay."

Was it a simple surgery?

"What kind of surgery did he have?"

"What was it... What did the doctor say?" She asked someone next to her.

"It was appendectomy, you said it was appendicitis?"

Suhyuk laughed as if he was fortunate.

Appendicitis is no problem when the surgery is done well.

However, if one gets older, it can become a burden physically, so they need constant

care.

"It's so delicious," said Suhyuk eating the seaweed rolls.

"Yes, it is. If you want more, let me know."

Suhyuk nodded his head but was forced to make a bitter laugh.

Although seaweed rolls were delicious, the sight of them carrying food in a wrapped cloth made him feel bitter. They carried the food like that to save whatever little money they could. So Suhyuk ate it all the more deliciously.

Then she gave him a small pack of milk.

"I'm fine."

She had only one pack. She wrapped it to drink for herself. How could he have it?

"Try it instead of water. It tastes good after eating."

Suhyuk shook his hands once again, saying, "I like water."

"Really? Then let me have it."

Then she opened the milk pack and put it on the side. Then she pulled a plastic bag out of her pocket and poured something into the milk.

Suhyuk asked with a surprise, "Grandma, what is that?"

"Oh, this is good for your joints. I have eaten it a few times and it was really good."

It seemed as if she put in some processed herbal medicine.

"Don't drink too much. Such medication is good, but most of all, exercise is the best.

From now on, take it with water because medicine is mostly made to take with water."

She wore a warm smile at Suhyuk's soft voice. Her eyes became warm as if she were looking at her grandson.

"Oh, I love it."

After swallowing down the milk, she looked around slowly.

"I just wish I had a garden like this one."

Everyone was nodding at her words.

In their village, the house was narrow and there was no yard, and there was no space to plant even a small plant.

"Now, why don't we get up? We've been holding onto a busy doctor for too long."

When an old man said that, everyone got up from their seats.

"I'm fine because it's lunchtime. Please have a cup of coffee."

They waved their hands at Suhyuk's words.

"We can drink coffee at any time but our doctor should take a break."

Suhyuk laughed gently.

"When you come next time, don't come if you're sick like today."

They nodded, smiling. They could feel the same kind heartedness of his which they had felt in those days when he treated them without any compensation. Suhyuk was walking ahead to catch the elevator. At that moment, he heard a thump.

"Hey, hey!"

Suhyuk's body quickly turned around.

The old woman holding the wrapping cloth fell down.

Suhyuk hastily approached her, "Are you okay?"

"Uh-oh," she started to mumble with a strange sound.

Besides, her pupils were losing focus and becoming blurred.

"Grandma! Can you see me? Can you hear me?"

Despite Suhyuk's asking, she continued to shake hands in the air.

It seemed like an action as if she were trying to catch something.

He grabbed her hand and asked, "Why are you doing this? Are you sick?"

He kept asking, but she just murmured incoherently.

His gaze suddenly moved toward her left hand.

Her right hand kept moving, but her left arm did not move at all.

'Left side weakness?' Suhyuk lifted her left hand. When he put it back, it fell to the floor weakly. Suhyuk knitted his brows. It was as he expected.

'What the hell?' He quickly checked her head.

He did not find any scratches or bulging bumps.

'Brain hemorrhage?' There was a possibility, because some sort of disabilities overtook a normal person suddenly. Suhyuk carried her on his back right away.

He could feel her weight hanging down on him.

"Oh, what's wrong with you? Wake up!"

Following the woman behind, their faces were seriously hardened.

Suhyuk was as anxious as them. Today of all days, the elevator stopped and resumed on each floor.

"Grandma? Please wake up!"

"Well... that one. It looks delicious. Pretty, pretty."

He kept hearing her mumbling incoherently in his ears.

"The door opens."

The elevator arrived, and Suhyuk went in quickly.



She was taken straight to the emergency room and Suhyuk put her on the bed.

And then he sought Oh Byungchul. Exhausted, he was handing over the chart.

"Sir, she has got left side weakness and her mental state is not right. I suspect that there is a brain hemorrhage."

Oh, lifting his head, looked at him with a frown.

"What are you talking about? What's going on? Slow down."

"Oh, she's an emergency patient."

Only then did he move, with his white gown fluttering.

"Do you know her?"

"Yes, she fell, and she was fine until a while ago..."

Oh shone the light in her eyes. She opened her eyes, but the pupils did not respond.

"You said she fell down?"

"Yes, you have to check it out quickly."

"It looks like a brain hemorrhage."

Oh who muttered, called the nurses, "This patient, please take a quick CT."

She was moved on a stretcher. Suhyuk followed her.

In the Tomography room.

She, while blinking her eyes, was moving her fingers in the empty air. Then she kept muttering, however, it was not hard enough to not take a CT.

Within a few seconds, the results of the CT showed up, and along with Oh, Suhyuk looked at the computer monitors closely.

"What? It's clean?"

Suhyuk nodded his head at his words. The cerebral blood vessels did not burst and were fine.

Then it was not a cerebral hemorrhage.

"What is this? You said she fell over and showed this symptom all of a sudden?"

Suhyuk nodded his head.

She was okay, but after she fell, she was struck with paralysis and language impairment.

Oh called the department of neurology right away.

If you worry about it, it will only delay the time. It was much quicker to have a neurologist confirm it. So, she was moved back to the ICU, and a neurologist looked at her condition.

The doctor talked to her, and touched her left hand and foot, which did not move.

At that moment Suhyuk, who was nervously watching, opened his mouth, "I did not see a hemorrhaged blood vessel from the CT scan. But she was suspected of having a cerebral infarction, so we should do an MRI..."

A resident checking her condition looked at Suhyuk.

He had seen a glimpse of him among those students moving like a herd of chicks.

It was Lee Suhyuk, a PK student who has become a rising star among his doctor colleagues these days. Does he not deserve it?

"You are here after studying very hard?"

He smiled and called the nurses.

"Please take the patient to MRI."

The neurologist, looking at the monitor, wore an expression that he could not know.

He was 90% convinced that the blood vessels were blocked, but he guessed it wrong.

Professor Lee Mansuk, who just came after receiving the call, was the same.

He looked at the brain, which was circulating in 3D on the screen.

He could not find the answer.

"You said she suddenly had that symptom and fell down? "

"Yes."

Suhyuk was as impatient as the professor.

The brain was fine, but her mental state was weak.

Fortunately, she did not hurt her brain, but she could remain in that condition forever.

Before she missed the timing for a cure, they had to find the cause of her sickness

quickly.

Looking at the MRI, Suhyuk moved his body quickly to meet those who came with her.

"What kind of medicine did she get?"

Some of the sleeping pills and other medicines often weakened one's mental state.

They shook their head at Suhyuk's question.

"She wouldn't have cold medicine even if she catches a cold."

They were surprised at his deep sigh.

"What? Is she in a bad condition?" they asked.

Suhyuk thought about it quietly. Her brain is fine and medication was not the cause.

He had to think differently.

Before turning back, he asked the old men, "Please call for her guardian."

His face grew even darker.

"She had no guardian. She lost track of her daughter last year, who contacted her on and off."

"Huhh....."

Suhyuk let out a deep sigh, lowering his head, and then smiled, saying, "Let me serve as her guardian. Don't worry too much, and wait here. I'll bring her here."

"Mrs. Bang, that old hag, is giving the doctor a hard time again..."

"Please take good care of her!"

Everyone seemed to scold her, but their voices were filled with worries.

Suhyuk soon turned around.

'Her blood vessels did not burst. It was not blocked, and she didn't usually take drugs.'

What did all these hidden hints point to? Suhyuk's eyes laid low, and his white gown was fluttering silently.

Chapter 50

"Granny, please hold my hands tight, and blink your eyes once."

Professor Lee continued to check her condition.

'What is going on?' Her mental state fell to less than that of a kindergartener's. Not only is the brain normal but there is also consciousness. He cannot easily detect the cause of her sickness.

While Professor Lee Mansuk was thinking about it for a while, Suhyuk came.

"Do you know her?"

"Yes."

Suhyuk, grabbed her hands with an anxious expression.

"Are you sick?"

Suhyuk, who threw out the question, was forced to take a short sigh.

For she kept speaking strangely. It seemed she had symptoms of an addiction, but she only had seaweed rolls and miso soup. At that moment, Suhyuk's gaze moved toward her lips.

Marks of white milk on her mouth. Suhyuk quickly returned to the elderly men.

"How is Mrs. Bang? Is it difficult for her to get up?"

"How can she... Did she come to her senses?"

When he showed an anxious face, so did their faces.

Suhyuk laughed forcibly. He was trying to make the elders feel at ease as much as possible.

"Do you know what kind of medicine she put in milk?"

Everyone was puzzled by Suhyuk's question.

"I hear it was something like seeds."

"Seeds? What seeds?"

"It was a type of flower... What was it? Yes, morning glory, morning glory!"

"Wasn't it called the morning glory of an angel?"

Suhyuk's eyes became slightly bigger, and he bowed his head as if he had heard the answer he was looking for.

"Thank you."

He found a clue. He turned back and went back to the ICU room.

He took out his cell phone and started searching on the web.

All kinds of information related to flowers and medical care came out.

When he picked one of them, Suhyuk's face frowned.

'Morning glory of an angel...' The name given to the flower because it resembled the shape of the trumpet an angel held in their mouth.

It was beautiful, but unlike its appearance, there was venom everywhere in flowers, leaves, stems and seeds. That was the morning glory of an angel.

Suhyuk's gait moved more quickly.

"She seems to have been poisoned."

"Poison?"

Prof. Lee, who had been looking at Suhyuk, now turned his eyes to her.

Mysterious mumbling, unconsciousness, paralysis.

If she has been poisoned, all of this is explained.

"You said she fell over?"

"I feel she had the poisonous seeds of the morning glory of an angel, and it seemed she was struck by paralysis and then fell."

Suhyuk handed over his cell phone to him.

The professor, looking at the cell phone screen, opened his mouth, "Why are you talking about it now?"

"I just found out about it now... By the way she needs some sap fast..."

The professor went to the resident who was watching the MRI closely and gave him proper instructions. So a needle was put into her forearm. It was a sap that diluted toxicity.

Suhyuk grasped her hand that was still gesturing in the air.

"Grandma, why did you take it..."

Morning glory of an angel. It was also used as a medicinal material.

However, eating it alone is very dangerous because the dosage of the drug can not be strictly measured and an appropriate amount cannot be taken. An appropriate dosage should be taken according to the doctor's prescription.

The rumor that just eating it is good for your health made her become addicted to it.

"You'll be ok again a little bit later."

She heard words that felt like a hallucination and was in a semi-consciousness like dreaming.

Time will heal her wounds, after all.

Until the sap in her body has diluted all the toxins, she will have to wait until then.

"Pretty, pretty."

She again made a strange sound and tangled his hair.

Suhyuk, who felt her hand gently, stood up with a smile, and said, "Please wait a moment. Let me bring your friends here. I'll be back."

Suhyuk brought them into the ICU.

They continued to speak to her with a sad expression.

"What's wrong with you, Mrs. Bang? Wake up!"

Suhyuk put those surprised seniors at ease.

"She'll be okay in a little bit. Do not worry too much."

"Oh, you got sick like this because you ate strange food!"

"Don't give the doctor too much trouble. Come to your senses quick!"

While they gathered around her, Suhyuk slipped out of the room.

Suhyuk, coming to the front, asked an assistant, "How much does Mrs. Bang Jungja owe?"

"Wait a moment."

The assistant said, knocking on the keyboard, "I guess your family member is here for treatment."

"Yes," said Suhyuk.

"Her balance is 128,700 won."

Suhyuk gave his credit card without any hesitation.

"It's already been paid."

"Really?"

"Yes, the monitor shows it's been fully paid."

Suhyuk tilted his head.

'Who paid?'

Those elderly people could not have paid it because they had never come to the front desk since she was struck by poison.

"Can you tell me who paid it?"

"Wait a minute."

"Professor Lee Mansuk paid."

'Why did he... '

No matter how he thought about why he paid, he had no idea.

He felt he had to go and see Prof. Lee after his clinical practice.

"Take care!" he left, after wishing her goodbye.



"Where have you been, Lee Suhyuk?"

He was 20 minutes late. Suhyuk bowed his head at Park Ganghyun's sharp tone.

"I am sorry. Someone I knew came here for treatment."

"Well then, you should have contacted me first. Still, your late arrival is a mistake because you have kept everybody waiting."

"I'm sorry."

"After the practice, go to the emergency room and clean it up for two hours before going home. Don't disturb the other doctors, okay?"

"Yes."

So the practice started again, and Suhyuk visited her at every break and checked her condition. Her condition was getting better over time just as he thought it would.

In one more day she could be fully recovered enough to be discharged, as long as she does not have any other emergency.

Checking her condition again, Suhyuk looked around but could not find Professor Lee.

"I'll come back later."

After greeting the elders, he moved back to his place.

Practice was hectic busy. Some of the students grabbed their heads out of stress.

No matter how hard they tried and focused, Park's explanation sounded like an alien language. Whenever they ran into such trouble, Suhyuk had to answer their questions.

When asked, Suhyuk came up with answers to their satisfaction.

Stunned, they took down his words.

They felt it was much easier and faster to understand Suhyuk's succinct paraphrasing

than Park's difficult medical explanation, thinking as if they could get full scores in practice test. The hours of such hard work in practice quickly passed.

Exhausted, the students went to their dorms or to their homes.

Meanwhile, Suhyuk was moving to the emergency room.

'By this time, she will have come back to her senses. I'll have to see her once more.'

When Suhyuk was thinking of her, he heard a "Woh!" from behind.

It was Choi Suryon, who was touching his shoulder.

She shook her head. He should have been surprised if someone touched him suddenly from behind, but he looked calm like a mannequin.

"Didn't you go back home?" asked Suhyuk.

She tied her long straight hair back, saying, "How can I go home alone when I know one of my group was having a hard time? Besides, I learned a lot from you..."

"You don't have to feel that way. Just go home first," he said.

She was already walking ahead of him.

Shaking his head, Suhyuk followed her.

"Sir, the patient's blood pressure is dropping."

"You were bitten by a dog?"

The emergency room was always chaotic.

In the center of the room, Suhyuk took in a few breaths and controlled his mind.

If one stays with a lot of emergency patients like this, one feels delirious before one knows it.

Actually he was touching a patient before he knew it.

It was something he used to do in the past. Surprisingly, the symptoms disappeared when he constantly beat himself up in his head, realizing his weird behavior.

But when he sees patients, he still could not help but approach them.

Suhyuk collected some bloody gauze and medical tools that nurses had not been able to get close to in an empty bed. When he did that, the nurses laughed at Suhyuk, "Thank you."

"Do not pay attention to me. Just work comfortably," Suhyuk also laughed.

"You look too easy-going, don't you?" asked Suryon, to which he shrugged his shoulders.

Then resident Oh Byungchul approached them.

"What are you doing here instead of going home?"

Suhyuk scratched his head, saying, "I was late for today, so I was assigned to clean up the emergency room for two hours."

"Who gave this punishment to you?"

"Resident Park Ganghyun."

"Don't slack off if you want to be a doctor..."

He nodded and stared at Choi, asking, "You too?"

She laughed and said, "I came to help him."

Oh cast a suspicious look.

"Are you two dating?"

"No," Suhyuk answered at once, and Choi, who could not speak, touched her cheeks as if she were shy.

Oh looked at them alternately with embarrassed eyes, saying, "Don't cause any trouble and don't stand in the way."

Then he left the place, touching his cell phone. He was sending a text message somewhere.

"One more hour to go," said Suryon.

At her words, Suhyuk moved again to clean up.

At that moment a sharp voice was heard from the door.

"My child was hurt."

A woman came to the emergency room carrying a child.

The child's left hand was rolled up with tissue paper, wet with blood.

A nurse came and lay the child down on the bed where Suhyuk was standing.

"How did the child get hurt?"

The mother answered quickly, "He was stabbed by a shard of pottery."

"Stabbed? While he was playing?"

The mother whose face turned pale said, "Yes, he was playing at home when some pottery fell... He then got his finger hurt. Is he going to be okay?"

The nurse's response was quick. She pulled off the stuck tissue paper and began disinfecting it.

Suhyuk, next to her, examined the child's finger closely.

The blood stopped and his fingernails were blue. And there was no piece of broken pottery in his finger. "The fingernail will likely come out..." That's it. It seemed the bones had no problem.

The resident, approaching the child, examined his finger, when Suhyuk smiled bitterly, thinking it's fortunate for him.

"I do not think there is a problem with the bones, but the fingernails will be lost, but the finger will be okay after it's been disinfected and dressed," said the resident.

At the doctor's words, tears dripped from the mother's eyes.

Suhyuk turned back and moved to another place for fear the resident and the nurse taking care of the child felt uncomfortable. Choi looked at his back quietly.

His murmuring after looking at the patient was the same as the doctor's diagnosis.

There was nothing he did not know. Her brows, knitted a moment ago, became relaxed again.

Then she heard a voice calling her.

"What are you doing here?"

It was Park Ganghyun.

"Oh, I just wanted to help Suhyuk..."

"Did I tell you to do that?"

Uncharacteristic of him, Park's face was hardened. His strange eyes looking at her.

On the other hand, he felt annoyed at Suhyuk's appearance from behind, who had been collecting gauze.

"Lee Suhyuk!" he called him.

Suhyuk and Suryon were standing before him.

Park, looking at them alternately, opened his mouth, "Are you two on a date here? I think I clearly told you to clean it up alone?"

He had on a look that showed he did not like their behavior.

At that moment there heard a voice from out the door.

"What's going on?"

Park quickly bowed his head. It was Professor Lee Mansuk.

"What made you punish them like this?"

Chapter 51

Prof. Lee stared fiercely at him.

He has been waiting for a chance to scold Park because of his unpleasant actions in recent days.

Prof. Lee took issue with Park's behaviour that went against his philosophies.

"Isn't it time for students to finish practice for the day?"

Park responded confidently, "He was late for the afternoon practice session, so I had him clean up the emergency room as recompense."

"In the afternoon?"

"Yes, it was after lunch time."

The professor questioned Park, whilst looking at Suhyuk.

"He's been with me all along. I think that got him into trouble."

Park was surprised and looked at Suhyuk.

"Why didn't you tell me you were with a professor?"

"Well..."

When Suhyuk was about to open his mouth, Prof. Lee said, "Mr. Park."

Park responded, breaking into sweats, "Yes, professor."

"What is the condition of patient Im Junghwan?"

He underwent surgery just recently, having suffered from various complications.

His survival in itself was amazing. No doubt did he survive thanks to Prof's Lee's surgical skills.

"Various complex complications..."

"He is a patient you can't get your eyes off at any moment, right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Just report to me the patient's condition every hour."

Park made an expression as if he were about to cry.

His instructions from Pro. Lee meant he could not afford to sleep in order to be able to check on his condition every hour.

"Okay, sir."

"And I have something to talk about with Suhyuk. Can I take him?"

Park nodded his head and wiped the sweat on his forehead.

"Come see me for a moment," Prof. Lee said.

The professor walked back and Suhyuk looked at Park with a sorry expression.

"Go quickly."

"Then..."

Suhyuk then quickly followed Lee.

Choi bowed her head at him, "Sir, I'll see you tomorrow."

Park took a short sigh of relief. For him, today, things did not work out well with either the professor or Choi.

"Choi Suryon, let's talk for a minute."

Park headed to the drink vending machine outside the emergency room. Park handed her a coffee, and he took for himself a coke to drink.

He gulped down the coke at once.

"Sir, don't you feel your throat getting hot?"

Despite Choi's question, he did not say anything, throwing the now empty can into the trash can. Then he opened his mouth, "Do you like Lee Suhyuk?"



Suhyuk was drinking coffee at Prof. Lee's office.

"Thank you."

"What do you mean?"

"I heard that you paid off the old woman's medical expenses."

When he thought about it, he felt the balance was too low. Most likely it might have been possible thanks to the professor's actions. At Suhyuk's words, Lee laughed and nodded his head.

Examination and medical expenses were big or small, depending on how one thinks of it. At his own discretion, however, the professor eliminated all his medical expenses. Except for the CT, MRI, etc., the total cost was less than 200,000 won.

He wanted to take care of the cost through to the end once he became involved.

"You don't have to feel burdened because of that. She looked less fortunate, so I just did what I wanted to do."

'If I lay the ground bait, he will bite it one day, and then he will be my disciple.'

Suhyuk once again bowed his head, "Thank you."

"So, how about your practice life? No... it's not fun, right?"

Lee Suhyuk would probably have the skill and knowledge comparable to an intern, or even a resident.

Suhyuk laughed, "I'm learning a lot."

"Do not lie to me," said the professor.

Suhyuk, scratching his head, lifted his coffee cup.

He had no idea what to say at this time.

'Tell him the whole truth? Such as that I have never seen a patient that I could not handle?'

Suhyuk shook his head a little. Even that kind of thinking was arrogant in his mind.

"Oh, I took too much of your time. You must be tired. Just go."

"Didn't you say you had something to say to me?"

The professor laughed slightly, "I just wanted to have a cup of coffee with you."

He beckoned to Suhyuk to go.

"Then I'll see you again next time."

At the appearance of Suhyuk turning back, Professor Lee looked at him heartily.

Even though he helped Suhyuk, it was a prime time to show his coolness and generosity.

When this kind of trust keeps accumulating, Lee Suhyuk will have not choice but to become his own disciple.



It was now the weekend.

Suhyuk and Dongsu, who both just got off the bus, were walking in a crowded neighborhood of luxury houses.

Today is the birthday of Kim Hyunwoo's mother.

Both of them, invited to the party, had gifts in their hands.

"What gift have you bought?" asked Dongsu.

"Vitamins," answered Suhyuk.

He also bought some other stuff. Nutritional imbalances may be present in patients with dementia. Just like a child, they try to eat only what they like, and this was true of Kim's mother who was picky about her side dishes.

"How can you come dressed like that..."

Suhyuk shook his head, looking at Dongsu up and down. He was dressed like a monk.

He bought a wooden gong as a gift.

"I think the wooden gong is a good choice..." He smiled staring at the shiny wooden

gong, "Because she said she broke it last time..."

So they walked for about 10 minutes to get to Kim's house.

The door was opened immediately when they pressed the intercom to show their faces.

Woof! Woof!

A big dog waved his tail and welcomed the two.

They had not seen her for a long while, but she remembered them, to their pleasant surprise.

"It's been a long time. How have you been, honey?" Suhyuk stroked the head of Sankum, a dog as big as a big bear. Sankum turned upside down and acted cute. Dongsu was just stunned at the sight of it.

Unlike her kindness to Suhyuk, Sankum, chained by her neck, was running mad as if she wanted to bite him if he tried to approach her. If he were to be bitten by her big mouth, it would be a disaster.

"Be careful. Once you're bitten, you're going to be in big trouble," said Kim, coming out of the porch.

"Hey, you're here."

Suhyuk and Dongsu greeted him.

"How are you?"

"You didn't eat, right?"

"Nope..."

Dongsu tapped his belly loudly, saying, "As you told us not to eat, I haven't ate at all since yesterday."

Kim, noticing Dongsu's costume, laughed dumbfoundedly.

But what was wrong with it? It was all for his mother.

"Here you go," Suhyuk gave him the paper bag.

"I told you not to buy any gifts. You bought one again. As a student, you don't make any money..."

"This is gift of vitamins. I thought it would be nice to put one pill in the food when your mother eats. I chose one that would cause no problem if she eats it with rice."

A small smile came out of Kim's mouth.

He had lots of expensive vitamins at home, but its value depends on who it comes from.

"Thanks."

"Mr.Kim, here is another one," said Dongsu, presenting a wooden gong.

"I hope you'll hand it to her directly. Let's go in," said Kim with a bitter smile.

The two followed Kim.

"Oh, you have guests here," said Suhyuk looking inside.

"Yeah, they're very good relatives," Kim replied sarcastically at his words.

"You are the guys?" asked a middle-aged woman, looking at Suhyuk and Dongsu with an annoyed expression. She looked like she was in her 40s or early 50s.

There were two other women who seemed to be of the same age.

"Sit down quickly. I could not even eat anything while waiting for you."

They were not that late for the appointment.

"Sorry."

Dongsu bowed his back, overwhelmed by their attitude. It was also true for Suhyuk.

Rising from the sofa, the women headed toward the table.

"Now, all you have to do is wake up the sleeping princess."

Kim Hyunwoo, who smiled lightly, moved to wake up his mother who was taking a nap.

In no time, Kim's mother opened the door and came out into the living room.

"Doctor!"

Suhyuk laughed, "How are you doing?"

"I missed you!" she said, hugging him dearly.

At that moment, her gaze moved to Dongsu.

"Monk, what's wrong with your head?"

It was not bald anymore.

"You're a fake monk!" she said, as Dongsu just scratched his head, speechless.



Unexpectedly, there were not that many good dishes on the table.

There was roasted spicy rice cake, boiled sausage, and chicken; common foods found anywhere. They were all the ones Kim's mother liked.

The faces of the middle-aged women had frowns rested upon them.

"It looks like delicious!"

Kim's mother tried to take one of the sausages by the hand.

Then Suhyuk stopped her.

"You should first blow out the candle!"

"Huh? Candle?"

"Today is your birthday."

When she laughed, a housemaid brought a cake with candle lights on it.

Dongsu sang the song loudly.

"Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday to you! Happy birthday dear beloved mother..."

"Whuuuuu..."

She blew out the candle, and finally the meal started.

"Doctor, this is really delicious. Try it."

Kim's mom brought various foods to Suhyuk's plate.

Dongsu picked up a chicken leg with an envious eye.

Then she said, "No! Monks cannot eat meat!"

With a bitter smile, he ate only the spicy roasted rice cake.

"I hear you attend a law school?" asked the youngest of the women.

Dongsu scratched his head as if he were shy.

"Yes."

"Do you know a prosecutor by the name of Kang Hansoo?"

Dongsu shook his head.

It was hard for a law school student to have any networks with an incumbent prosecutor.

She nodded, as if she already knew the answer.

"Sister, I told you the other day. That prosecutor was crazy for money."

"Yeah, when I first saw him, he spoke really scaringly, but when I showed him money, he began to show a smile, telling me not to worry."

"These days the judges and prosecutors are all corrupted."

Curses speaking ill of those in the legal business constantly flowed out from their mouths, and then they took a glance at Dongsu, as if they were telling him that he would be like that.

Dongsu's expression, who wore a bitter smile, became more hardened.

He felt as if he were sitting on a pin cushion.

At that moment Kim, who was listening to their nattering quietly, laughed, saying "Aunties, you don't have to tackle such a serious topic as it is a good day today. You can

“speak of it next time.”

“Did we say anything wrong?”

“Yes, when your father was alive, how many judges and prosecutors all sponged off...”

Dongsu rose from his seat.

“Where are you going?”

“The bathroom,” said Dongsu with a gentle smile.

“Doctor, doctor!”

Kim’s head went back to his mother this time.

She was begging, holding his arms.

“Doctor, come with me into my room and play. I’m scared here.”

Mom was minding her relatives, a sharp reminder how she had suffered mentally from them.

She had been harassed by her husband’s relatives just for the one reason that she was from a poor family. There were lots of rumors about her that she married him for money.

When Kim was very young, he saw her slapped in the face, which he still remembers vividly.

“Huuuu...”

Kim, letting out a short breath, raised his head.

Soon smiling again, he said to Suhyuk, “I’m sorry to ask this, but can you play with my mom for a while in her room?”

It was a mysterious smile.

Suhyuk nodded and moved as she led.

When the door was closed, Kim’s smile disappeared in an instant.

He was thirsty. He lifted a cup of water.

Gulp, gulp.

Why did they come even when they were not invited? Of course, they could be praised for remembering her birthday.

'But you came to celebrate her birthday? Sounds fishy. You came here to ask me to offer a job to your bastard children or to extort money from me.'

Kim slowly dropped the glass cup.

At that moment, the glass that hit hard on the table was broken in his hand.

Red blood dripped from it.

"Oh my god... My hand just slipped off the glass. You were not surprised much, right aunties?"

Chapter 52

Incredulously surprised, they glared in their eyes, speechless.

"You did what now..."

"What did you do just now?"

When Kim dusted off his hand, drops of blood scattered away.

"I told you already that my hand slipped off the glass."

"You arrogant bastard!" shouted Kim's aunts and then they moved into the living room. And they picked up their expensive bags.

"Just like your mom, you were being so mean!"

"I'll never set my foot again in this house!"

The door opened roughly, and the women went out.

"You're never going to come back?"

Kim smiled, with his gaze fixed out the window.

'After a month or two weeks, they will contact me again. Their purpose was simple. Money, money, money. They equally divided the wealth bequeathed by my father, but they squandered all the money in a flash. Besides, they are saddled with debts. Did I inherited more wealth than them? No way. I just inherited a collapsing company that they did not even look at, and revived it. And now they are saying it's unfair?'

Looking down at his hand still bleeding, he headed to the kitchen sink.

At that moment, Kim heard a voice.

"What is all this...?" Kim turned to her familiar voice.

His mother was looking at the drops of blood fallen on the floor with a surprised look.

He hurriedly hid his injured hand back and laughed.

"The scary people are gone now? Hyunwoo... where were you hurt?"

She slowly approached Kim. Did she come to her senses for a moment?

"Mom, do you recognize me?"

Despite his question, she pulled out her son's hand hidden behind.

Drops of blood fell down. Was he fortunate? The wound did not seem serious.

"I can't believe a grown-up boy like you can get hurt like this..." she said.

She looked down at his palm and then looked up at him.

Kim gently smiled, saying, "I'm okay..."

"Hey, you are not. Look at this blood coming out..."

She did not mean it. It was the kind of conversation that only the mother and the son could have. Looking at her son quietly, she brought a first-aid kit out of her living room.

She disinfected and bandaged his hand. Kim looked at his mother's caring of him without any words. Suhyuk remained silent all along. He wanted to wrap a bandage only after checking the wound on his hand first, but could not do so. For the two seemed so happy and warm towards each other.

"Mom, Happy birthday to you."

"You're the best son!"

She wiped tears from her eyes.

Kim hugged her with his bandaged hand.

"Why are you crying on such a good day Mom? I have bought a lot of foods you like."

"Let's eat quickly before they get cold."

At that moment, Dongsu was coming out of the bathroom.

"What's all this..."

Dongsu's eyes became round at the sight of scattered blood drops in the living room. Suhyuk hurriedly shut his mouth.

"Let's go home..."

"What's going on..."

Dongsu was quietly dragged out by Suhyuk.



Saturday passed and Sunday came.

Opening his eyes in bed, Suhyuk went out into the living room.

The dishes on the table were covered with plates, and a note was placed next to it.

<Son, I cooked a delicious miso soup, so don't fail to eat it. Don't do the dishes after eating.>

Suhyuk's face made a little smile.

'They told me they were going climbing today.'

They said they would go to a meet-up early in the morning.

Once a month, his mother and father would meet up with their neighbors to promote friendship.

Suhyuk ate the miso soup. Spicy and with a good taste. The miso soup tasted refreshing because there was clam in it as well.

"Thanks for the soup Mom."

Suhyuk ate one bowl of rice quickly.

He finished cleaning the dishes and sat before the TV. With a remote control, he switched the channels freely.

When was the last time he had a break such as this?

He has had a very busy life since he went into the hospital practice. Observation of emergency surgeries and getting on a helicopter.

Besides, he was often called for by the professors.

Moreover, he was in the news because he caught a suspect who robbed a chain of

empty houses. He had a scolding from his parents for that, though, with just the warning that he should not do it again. It was a really reckless act when he thought about it. Of course, at the time that did not come to his mind.

'I should not drink hard liquor.'

It was the first time he lost his memory after drinking. Perhaps hard liquor was not his type of liquor.

Suhyuk, who stretched himself, enjoyed watching TV that he had not watched in a long while, and relaxed a lot.

And then he fell into a very sweet sleep.



"You know who caught the criminal?"

What was this sound? Suhyuk slowly opened his closed eyes.

At that moment, his surprised pupils expanded suddenly.

A space of pure white that has nothing. A guy stood in the center.

Suhyuk rose from his seat suddenly. A guy who has the same face as himself, like a doppelganger. He slowly came toward him.

"Don't play the good guy. Don't be mean!"

Suhyuk opened his mouth, but his voice did not come out, as if someone was holding his neck. It was the same with his body.

He wanted to get away from the guy who was coming toward him with a flashing scalpel, but his body would not move. Soon the guy approached right under his nose.

And he laughed, revealing his white teeth.

"Let's meet outside, not just inside. We're going to do so soon."

A cold scalpel was raised.

"Let's meet again soon."

The scalpel he was holding fell to his neck.

Sheeeek!

Suhyuk hastily raised his body like a surprised person.

There was a creepy sound from the side. Suhyuk turned his head and sighed relievedly.

On the TV, the main character in the movie was wielding a sword.

He wiped the sweat on his forehead. Though, besides that, his whole body was wet with cold sweat.

The nightmare that he did not have for a while was back again.

Even after dreaming, the scene was still vivid in his mind.

"Huuh..."

Feeling a change in his mood after letting out a sigh, he went into the bathroom to take a shower. The cool water pouring from the shower washed the sticky sweat from his body neatly.

He felt his head reeling from the nightmare getting better.

After the shower, Suhyuk rubbed the mirror that had steamed up.

Then Suhyuk's eyes were opened. Was the same person reflected in the mirror smiling from behind? He quickly turned his head.

"Hahh..."

There was nothing there behind him.

Suhyuk swept up his hair, which was dripping down with water.

'Am I too tired these days?'

It's possible.

He has been through a lot of things in a short time recently. And the nightmares.

Once again, Suhyuk washed his face with cold water and went out of the bathroom.



It was almost 5 PM. Suhyuk was looking out the window of the bus.

'It's been a long time.' Yes, it was the first time he would see her alone in several years.

Suhyuk arrived at his destination while he was gazing at the scenery outside the window.

He saw her sitting at the bus stop when he got off the bus.

Hana was moving her feet as if she were drawing something on the ground.

He opened his mouth with a smile, "You arrived here early."

He arrived 15 minutes earlier than the appointment, but she came here ahead of him.

"You're late," she said with a prim voice, and moved first.

Suhyuk laughed and followed her.

"This is the first time we've met alone together since we graduated from high school?"

"Is that so?"

Walking side by side with him, Hana recalled her memories.

No, it just popped up in her memory.

When she first went to see a movie with Suhyuk, she was having a bad feeling toward him.

She hated him so much, because, despite getting her father injured, he was just leading a normal life as if nothing happened. But now...

"Hana?" Suhyuk's calling made her awake from that thought.

"Uuh? Why?"

"How is your body?"

"Yeah, it's okay, that's why I came out."

"You are not overdoing yourself, are you?"

"I'm okay. Even if you don't care, I'm taking care of my body by myself, okay?"

She took a glance at him with a sharp voice. Did she say that too harshly?

When their eyes were about to meet, Hana threw away her head quickly.

He was wearing a smile as if he did not care at all. *'That smile of his is too bright.'*

"What kind of movie shall we see?"

She frowned at his words.

"Didn't you check the movie titles when you asked me out for a movie?"

Suhyuk scratched his head. Her father asked a favor of him, "just take her to the outside for fresh air, who was just discharged." He also gave him some pocket money. Although Suhyuk declined it, he forcibly put the money in his pocket, so he could not refuse any more.

Actually he did not dislike it. Rather he liked it.

These days he felt like walking around here and there without having to do any thinking; eating snacks; and watching a movie. Of course, he did not have any such thoughts in front of the patients. Sometimes, when he saw people laughing and the lovers dating, he thought he would like to have a good time like that without any thought.

Suhyuk just came running only looking ahead. It was only natural that he had such thoughts.

"How about an action movie?" asked Suhyuk, scratching his head.

"Let's go to the movie theater and decide"



As it was Sunday, the movie theater was crowded with people.

"I think that movie would be fun."

He was pointing his fingers at a romantic comedy film.

She nodded heartily.

The movie time was perfect because they could just go in and watch it without having to wait.

He bought a two-seat ticket at the last minute with popcorn and a drink.

So they crossed by bending their backs into the dark movie theater.

At that moment, Hana's feet stumbled over the stairs. Staggering.

Suhyuk took her hands.

"Are you okay?"

"Uh, uh," she, surprised, quickly pulled her hand away.

"These are our seats."

So, Hana took her seat right away, and Suhyuk sat next to her.

The movie started within a few moments, and from the start of the movie, befitting its genre as a romantic comedy, made the movie goers burst into a laughter.

It was the same for Suhyuk, and Hana too.

Every time a funny scene came out, Hana looked at him with a smile. It was quite different from her behavior when she watched movies with him during their high school days. Of course, Suhyuk was concentrating only on the screen as before. Back then and also now, Suhyuk did not know how to read her mind.

The movie made the people's tears well up in their eyes.

And the movie finished with a happy ending. The lights turned on brightly, and Suhyuk was a little surprised. Hana was wiping tears from her eyes.

"Did you feel sad?"

"Nope. It's so boring as to make me yawn."

Suhyuk, shaking his head, came out of the movie theater with Hana.

"Should we have dinner?"

"I don't feel like eating."

"Let's eat anyway."

Suhyuk led Hana to a place where restaurants were crowded.

"What would you like?"

"I don't feel like eating."

"How about steamed chicken? You like spicy ones?"

"Okay, do as you like it."

With a slight smile, he moved to a restaurant nearby.

At that moment, his gaze moved to the side. *'Choi Suryon?'*

He felt that he mistook the person, so he looked again closely. Yeah, it was her.

She was walking with a man, holding his arms, and she kept smiling on her face.

'Is he her boyfriend?' The shape of the man was kind of familiar to him.

But he did not remember where he saw the man. Did he mistake the man for somebody else?

Even though one sees a certain person for the first time, sometimes that person looks a little familiar and oftentimes feels like *deja vu*.

'Looks like he got hurt when he was a kid... '

He saw a wound on the man's neck. Obviously It was a surgical scar.

"What are you doing?"

At Hana's voice, Suhyuk turned back and smiled, "Nothing. Let's go in."

Chapter 53

A sweet weekend like that passed quickly and Monday came without fail.

"There are no morning rounds because the professors are busy today."

The zombie-like faces of the practitioners brightened instantly.

Actually the morning rounds with the professors is a continual time of tension.

The questions poured out by the professors, hard to understand like an alien language, were killing them.

"Do you feel good because you have no rounds?"

At resident Park's question, everyone shook their heads as if nothing happened.

"No, sir!"

Park continued, "Today's schedules have all been cancelled, because all the other professors are also busy today."

The students were so happy that their faces could not be brighter.

"So, do you like it?"

"No, sir!"

"You feel it's regrettable since you won't be able to do clinical practice, right?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Yeah." "Sadly, I cannot practice." "Yes!"

"Well, then let me schedule one for you guys."

The students' faces darkened instantly.

"Don't be scared. Just do your homework in the PK room today, as long as nothing unusual happens today. Okay?"

"Yeah!"

When Park Ganghyun disappeared, the students became noticeably disturbed.

"Oh, when was the last time we had any free time?"

"Just be quiet. Otherwise, we might get a scolding."

Suhyuk laughed bitterly. '*Self-study...* '

He had nothing in particular to do. It was much better for him to make the rounds and check the patients.

"I think we'll finish early today. Shall we have dinner together?"

Suddenly, Choi Suryun, who came before Suhyuk, asked them.

"Good idea!"

"Don't exclude alcohol."

With such words, everyone looked at Suhyuk. He was always busy; busy with observing surgeries, and called for by the professors sometimes when clinical practice was over.

They felt jealous of him at first, but later they thought they were lucky not to be like him.

Without even going through it, they knew what kind of situations he was in when it came to having a one-on-one meeting with the professor. There, they would probably talk in an incomprehensible language instead of their native tongue. Rather than blinking their eyes before the professor, it was better for them to memorize a medical term related to bones.

"Let's go, huh?"

Choi Suryon shook his arms impatiently.

Suhyuk laughed gently, "If we're done early."

Looking back, he never attended his group members' gatherings. Though he usually gave an excuse to avoid it, he really could not find any time for it. He felt sorry for that, so this time he decided to attend.

"Okay, good timing," he said.

He felt he could attend since he had nothing else to do, especially seeing that the schedule was canceled today.

He would have to stay as much as possible in the the PK room, because he would most likely be called for if he met the professors by any chance.

'Do I have turn off my cellphone?' Some professor would send him a text message.

Suhyuk shook his head, touching his cell phone.

'Let me tell them I've some work to do, they'll understand.'

"Hey, I saw you yesterday," said Suhyuk.

Suryon's eyes turned round at his words.

"Where?"

"On Jongno street. You were walking with your boyfriend, weren't you?"

Choi made her eyes thin like a cat.

"I was at home yesterday, and I've never dated a man. I'm kind of a human treasure."

Suhyuk tilted his head. Obviously it was Choi Suryon who was with the man.

'Did I see the wrong person?'

"You said you were at home?"

With her face turning sour, she said, "You are too mean, as you do not recognize a friend's face."

"I wonder if I saw the wrong person..."

There were many people with similar faces.

"Yes, you saw the wrong person," she talked quickly and turned back as if she became sulky.

Suhyuk awkwardly scratched his head with a sorry expression, because he made her a woman who's engaged.



In the PK room only a murmuring sound was heard.

The trainees wrote the contents of the medical books in their notebooks as if they were trying to memorize them all and recited them out of their mouth with their eyes closed.

In the midst of this, Suhyuk was staring out of the window quietly.

He had nothing in particular to do. He already read the book many times. Actually the book was falling apart as he turned to it repeatedly to double check if there was anything he had missed.

"Suhyuk, breast cancer and spinal tumors are eligible for laparoscopic surgery, right?"

He nodded his head at his friends' questions.

"Laparoscopic surgery has advantages and disadvantages, so I think you should choose carefully if you want to do it."

"Disadvantages? I wonder it's easy and safe because it is not an open surgery?" she asked.

Suhyuk shook his head.

"Laparoscopic surgery cannot be promoted, and the vision is narrow. It's hard to catch the whole picture. It takes a long time to stop even small bleeding."

For a surgery like this, the belly is not opened, but a small hole is made, into which a lens and surgery tools are inserted. Accordingly, it has a cosmetic advantage. It's less painful for the patient to undergo such surgery, and the recovery is faster. But on the other hand, the doctor's vision is limited and uncomfortable. If any bleeding occurs, the blood can touch the lens and block the doctor's vision. If the bleeding site cannot be restored quickly, the probability that the patient will be at risk with the complications continues to increase. That means no error should be allowed in this kind of surgery.

"You really look like a doctor who actually did the surgery," said his friend.

Suhyuk just smiled at his friend's words.

An hour passed like that.

He rose from the seat by the time his friends' murmuring sounded like a lullaby.

'Will I feel better if I wash my face?'

Suhyuk sneaked out of the hallway quietly so as not to disturb his friends in the PK room.

Then he could see a boy wearing a crying expression.

The boy was close to tears, holding his father's hands.

"Dad, can't I not have this surgery?"

"No, this surgery is must for a man."

"I'm afraid it will hurt..."

"No, not at all. You can just lay down for a minute and then come out. Just listen to the doctor and get the surgery over with. If you do so, I'll buy you the stuff you mentioned last time."

"Really?"

"Believe me. Have you ever seen me lying to you?"

At that moment, he stopped walking and looked up at Suhyuk.

"Doctor, does circumcision surgery not hurt at all?"

The boy thought Suhyuk looked like a doctor because he wore a white gown.

Suhyuk smiled bitterly. It did not matter if he had it or not. Yet a boy can feel the pain more than an adult. After the surgery, however, the situation is reversed. It is the adult who feels the pain of it more, especially unbearable pain during the waking-up period in the morning.

"It does not hurt. If you count from 1 to 100 it will be over soon."

Suhyuk stroked the child's head and then moved to the bathroom and thought to himself, *'Yeah, it will hurt.'*



The trainees did not come out of the PK room except for when they were eating.

No one bothered them whether they studied or fell asleep.

Having gotten used to day-by-day when making the rounds in extreme tension, this moment seem like a dream to them.

"By the way, how long must we stay here?"

Their expressions turned dark at one trainee's question.

It was already past 5 PM. At this time, they usually get ready to go home after getting permission from their primary doctors.

But until now they did not hear anything.

"If we leave without permission, we'll get scolded tomorrow, right?"

"Of course!"

At that moment, Choi Suryon waved her cell phone, saying, "We got the permission."

"From whom?"

"Who? Of course, it's from resident Park Ganghyun."

At her words, the students quickly packed their bags.



Inside a grilled pork belly restaurant they were busy cooking the meat.

Because they were so hungry, they ate up all the side dishes while cooking the pork.

"It's been a long time since I ate with Suhyuk."

"Yes, he's busy as if he's become an intern already."

Suhyuk smiled bitterly and opened his mouth, "Let's gather one more time after the practice presentation is over next week."

Everyone let out a sigh at his words.

Evaluation of clinical practice.

Each student is supposed to examine a patient assigned to them, and then make a summary of the results of the examination and present a powerpoint to the professor. The prospect was dark. It was terrible even to think about a situation where any of them is assigned a patient with a rare disease.

"We don't have to be scared right now. Let's worry about it later."

Cups of soju were gathered over the grilled pork belly with its delicious smell.

"Cheers for the sake of perfect practice!"

"Cheers!"

"First cup, drink it up!"

Everyone had a drink with a pleasant spirit.

"Huh? Suhyuk won't drink it up?" Choi Suryon asked.

At her words, their gazes turned to Suhyuk's cup.

Known as a heavy drinker, Suhyuk drank only half of it.

"What are you doing?"

"We gathered together in a long time. Are you trying not to drink it all?"

Critical gazes given by his friends.

With a bitter smile, Suhyuk had to lift his cup again.

Though he made a pledge to drink alcohol properly, he had not hung out with them in such a long time, so he felt he could forget about it momentarily. For they were casting a fierce gaze at him.

When Suhyuk emptied the cup neatly, Choi, who held a bottle of soju, laughed, "Come on, let me pour some more."

Coming out of the pork house, they went into another bar as if they had not drunk enough already.

Even though it was Sunday, lots of people were drinking. It seemed most of them were

college students. Suhyuk and his friends ordered drinks and snacks as soon as they took their seats.

"Are not you worried about tomorrow's test?" asked Suhyuk.

At his question, each of them quipped, "I just live for today."

"I want to enjoy to my heart's content as I can't when I become an intern."

When Suhyuk was shaking his head, a part-timer brought snacks and liquor.

"Drink it," Choi offered him liquor.

"Let me drink it slowly," he said.

"Hey, when it comes to drinks, the thing is you ask for it, not just drink it," said Choi with a smile and asked him if he wanted it. Then he turned his head to the side suddenly because he felt it uncomfortable to see her V-neck. He was at a loss where to cast his eyes because he could see the hollow underneath her collarbone in that V-neck.

"Hey, are those girls there pretty?"

"Where? Which area?" asked Kwon Jaehyuk.

Except Suhyun, all the male students moved their gaze toward the table where the girls were drinking.

Pretty and cute, they were drinking at the table. Kwon stood up abruptly.

"Let me go over there."

"Come on, man. You will turn them off with that face of yours!"

"Just meet a girl at a blind date later. They might swear at you."

Kwon's face was long like a horse's. It could not get any longer than that.

"Hey, guys, don't you know the saying, the brave deserves the fair?"

Despite his friends' discouragement, he went over to the girls with a proud smile.

And then something surprising happened.

In about 2 minutes, he exchanged contact numbers with one of the girls.

Coming back to his seat, Kwon held out his cup to get it filled up.

"What's the secret?"

"No secret. Just the fact I'm a Daehan MS student works wonders."

With a sigh, Suhyuk shook his head, but his other friends' eyes were glaring already.

"These men..." said Choi, who looked at them as if they were being pathetic, showed a cup to him.

Looking at them with a regrettable expression, Suryon offered him a cup.

"Let's drink," she said.

"Today of all days, you seem to drink a lot. Drink slowly."

"Don't you know I'm a good drinker?"

Clink!

Clinking glasses, she stood up furtively.

"Let me go to the bathroom," she said, moving slowly.

After she entered the bathroom, she locked the door.

Staring at the toilet seat, she put her fingers in her mouth. About five minutes or so passed by.

A woman knocked hard on the toilet door that Choi went into.

Bang! Bang!

"Hey, I'm really in a hurry!"

Choi did not come out as if she had rented the bathroom.

"Ooops... Damn it. Are you having constipation..."

Choi came out immediately knitting her brows and she stared at the woman.

"You don't know any manners..."

Though she opened her mouth as if she wanted to protest, she quickly rushed into the bathroom.

Choi went to the sink. After she washed her face, she looked at her face reflected in the mirror.

Both cheeks were tinged red.

"I should not get drunk."

Choi, who touched her face lightly, walked out of the bathroom.

Chapter 54

Choi Suryon, who came back from the bathroom, laughed as she looked at Suhyuk.

"Let's drink."

Suhyuk looked at her, shaking his head.

Her collarbone was clearly visible under her white, pale neck.

Perhaps because of drinking, her neck was tinged with red.

"I think we should refrain from drinking any more."

"No, let's not yet stop. Cheers!"

Drinking a cup of soju instantly, she wiped her lips and looked at him.

Every time he drinks, his uvula moved up and down.

"What are you looking at?"

At Suhyuk's voice, she woke up from her thoughts.

"I'm saying this perhaps because I drank, but you look more handsome today."

Now she was looking at him, with her chin rested on her hands.

Suhyuk drank some water with a laugh.

All along Choi's gaze was fixed on his neck.

"Don't you think your clothes show too much skin?"

She looked down at her chest at Suhyuk's question.

It was not that exposed so as to see her vest.

"Other girls are wearing clothes like this. It feels like you have come from the Yi dynasty several hundreds ago."

Though Choi said that, as a rule, she did not like to wear clothes that are too tight or exposing. Why and for whom would she wear clothes like that...

Choi, laughed, holding her cup and poured alcohol into his cup.

At that moment she moved her gaze suddenly to her cellphone.

The message was seen displayed on the screen. Hiding it, she held her phone.

"I'll go to the bathroom."

Walking with short and quick steps, she went out and called somewhere.

"Oh brother, you are nearby?"

"Yes, did you have a lot to drink? Drink moderately and then let's go home together."

She hesitated for a moment at the voice coming out of her cell phone.

Then, she had in her eyes Suhyuk, seen over the window of the bar, staring with her eyes full of regrets. However, Choi's agony did not last long.

"Yeah, I'll come out soon."

Entering the bar, she said, as if she really felt it regrettable, "Sorry, I have to go first."

Her friends responded strongly.

"Yeah, yeah, you should go quickly if your brother called."

"Don't worry about us. See you tomorrow!"

"Hey, what's wrong with you? Isn't it normal that you should take hold of me?"

She, shaking her head, waved her hands at Suhyuk and said to herself, "Today is the only day for this. See you tomorrow."

Like her, Suhyuk also waved his hands.

As soon as she disappeared, their eyes began to shine.

"Yaah, tell them we want to join them quickly! Join!"

"Wait."

Suhyuk had no choice but to shake his head.



Choi, who came out, walked for about 10 minutes. And then she stood still by the side.

Within a very short time, a black foreign car stopped in front of her.

As usual, Choi opened the car door and sat next to the driver.

He was casually dressed, and holding onto the steering wheel.

Hiding behind a hat, with his eyes shaded by it.

"You drank a lot, didn't you?"

She shook her head at his question.

"No, just a little bit. Very little."

It was true that she drank a lot, but she vomited most of it out in the bathroom as she drank.

"I can strongly smell alcohol on your breath. You'll get scolded again for drinking like that."

Choi's expression became dark at his words. But she laughed very quickly, "I'm not scared at all because I get to go home with you, my brother!"

Opening the window, she breathed in the wind with her chin on her hands.

The wind blowing moved Choi's hair pleasantly. Perhaps he drove for about 30 minutes.

Soon they arrived at a large single-family house.

The garage door opened and the luxury foreign car went in. It was very spacious inside.

Choi, who got out the car, swept her head and sighed briefly.

"Let's go in."

The man moved first, followed by her. As she entered the porch, she adjusted her

dress.

"I'm home."

The man's voice made a brilliant smile on a middle-aged woman's face.

"Son, where have you been?"

"I've been seeing a friend for a while."

His father, who sat on the couch, also welcomed his son.

"Have you eaten?"

Choi then came into the living room.

"I'm home."

When she said that, there was a moment's silence.

They were frowning at her. And it lasted only briefly.

The father fixed his gaze on the TV without saying anything, and the middle-aged woman only talked to her son. They acted as if Choi was an invisible person.

She dropped her head and turned to her room.

At that moment, the mother opened her mouth, leering at Choi, "Did you drink?"

She was standing without lifting her head.

"A little."

"It doesn't fit a student like you. Tut, tut."

With a light smile, the man took her side, saying "She drank with me."

"Really? You said you met your friends..."

While the mother and son were exchanging conversation, Choi bowed her head once and then entered her room.

"Huhh..."

Leaning against the wall, she let out a sigh.

She looked up at the dark ceiling, and then she turned on the light and sat in front of the desk.

She took a small picture from her wallet and stared at it. In the picture, her mom and dad, who was watching TV a while ago, held their hands. And between them was a girl smiling brightly in her childhood. She was really happy until that time. But unhappiness came without warning and without sound. Her mother died and she was brought to this house by her father when she was nine years old. Then she came to realize that her dad already had shacked up with another woman before her mother died. It was the beginning of her unhappiness. The new mother treated her as if she was an invisible person. Her dad did the same thing.

The moment her mom passed away and she set her feet o

in that house, they did not care about her except for feeding her and telling her to go sleep. So she became an invisible person, just like a ghost.

No, there was one person who recognized her existence. It was her half brother.

He always cared about and took care of her. When she was sick or sad, he always took care of her. And even as the years passed, he never changed.

Then one day. He was in an accident. Fortunately, he recovered without any injury.

But when he had the accident, she felt as if the sky would collapse.

The feeling that the only person in this world who took her side would disappear forever...

It was terrible.

"Lee Suhyuk," she muttered that name, recalling him.

Her brother is still suffering from the nightmare of the past.

He enjoys an occasional nap while watching TV in the living room.

Several times she saw him waking up flabbergasted, touching his throat.

Whenever he did that, he murmured the name of Lee Suhyuk, wiping the cold sweat.

Post-traumatic stress disorder. The terrible memories of the past continue to cause a man to make a panicked reaction, which then makes him devastated. Lee Suhyuk was

the root of this. Then she could realize one thing. It was that she found some work to do for her brother.



The faces of the students, who gathered at one place after lunch, were resolute.

Kwon Jaehyuk said in a subdued tone, "You guys have to respect the outcome. Don't talk about something different or change what you said."

Everyone nodded, anxiously.

"We're going to decide by the rock-paper-scissors game. Whoever doesn't participate is the loser."

The body of the students who showed their hands became stuck like a stone statue.

It was because only Suhyuk showed rock in the game while others showed scissors.

Withdrawing his hand, Suhyuk smiled bitterly.

Kwon stuttered and asked him, "Which patient will you take?"

Clinical practice test.

Resident Park Ganghyun offered a piece of A4 paper to Suhyuk's group.

"You guys have to choose the patient among yourselves, and prepare for your presentation until next week. You have to prepare well because the professor will give you the score."

It was a list of patients hospitalized with different causes and diseases.

The total number of patients was five.

Four of them were patients with simple diseases. They could expect good scores if they prepare well enough by integrating the diagnostics of these patients with their hospital data...

But the problem was the remaining patient. The patient with leukemia.

The seriousness of that patient's disease was different from the other patients.

It was true that they found themselves reluctant to choose a patient with leukemia when they have easier patients to choose.

"Who is going to take that patient?"

When they asked one more time, Suhyuk laughed slightly, "Let me take patient Im Jinmook."

Their eyes turned wider at Suhyuk's words. He was taking the leukemia patient.

"Really? Don't say anything different later, okay?"

"Are you for real? Anything to say after that?"

Suhyuk nodded his head lightly.

"Hey, guys, why don't we buy Suhyuk delicious food?"

"Thank you!"

Suhyuk waved his hands, saying he would decline such a treat, and he came out into the hallway.



A nurse, who seemed to be in her mid 20s, was leisurely drinking coffee in front of the PC monitor. Then a voice popped out from the side.

"Good morning," It was Suhyuk.

The nurse who recognized him laughed brightly.

He was a PK practitioner who she looked at from a distance. She knew that he was a celebrity.

"Hello, what brought you here?"

"Well, I've been assigned to do a presentation on patient Im Jinmook."

"Oh, you are here to see his medical data. Wait a moment."

Her hand holding the mouse moved around.

Click, click.

"Take a look."

Suhyuk sat down at the seat where she had been sitting.

When he was about to look at the monitor, the nurse said, "It's an acute myeloid leukemia."

Suhyuk nodded his head.

The most common leukemia is acute myelogenous leukemia.

Suhyuk kept looking at the monitor quietly. The nurse smiled at his gesture like that.

No matter how famous he was, he's but a student.

Actual practice was different from that of studying with textbooks.

'Can I help him?'

She opened her mouth softly, "There are four different types of leukemia: acute lymphoblastic leukemia, chronic myelogenous leukemia, chronic lymphoid arthritis, and acute myeloid leukemia, such as those of the immune system."

He responded with a smile at her kind voice, "Thank you."

Then he fixed his gaze on the monitor again.

"The leukemia Im has been suffering from is a very dangerous acute disease, and cancerous mutations occurred in the cells, resulting in excessive division..."

When Suhyuk scratched his head and stood up, she slurred her words, *'Was my explanation too difficult?'*

When the nurse was about to open her mouth again, Suhyuk spoke first, "He already received chemotherapy, but did he get a hematopoietic cell transplant by any chance? I think it's time for him to have a self-transplant... I can't find the data for that."

The nurse was startled all of a sudden.

She should have put down the record on his treatment, but forgot.

She was being helped rather than helping him.

"Would you like some coffee?"

Suhyuk answered with a smile, saying, "No thanks. Can I see patient Im Jinmook now?"

He wanted to see the patient first.

Chapter 55

The nurse stared at him with wide eyes.

"Oh, don't you know about it? It's hard for any one other than a leukemia patients guardians to see them. I think you could prepare the presentation well with just the patient's data."

Suhyuk laughed bitterly. That's the kind of situation that he expected when he asked the nurse.

He was the first patient Suhyuk took since he came to the hospital.

Though he could not treat him directly, he wanted to see the patient's face even just once, which was regrettable.

So Suhyuk was forced to look at the monitor again.

The nurse looked at Suhyuk quietly. Thanks to him she could recall the forgotten medical record. She could have been disciplined for that.

'Well, let me do him a favor... '

"I'm now going to check patient Im Jinmook. Would you like to come with me?"

Suhyuk hastily looked back at her. The nurse was smiling a little.

"I have a condition instead," said the nurse.

"Condition?"

"Yes, please keep it to yourself that I let you come with me."

Suhyuk nodded pleasantly.

Suhyuk, dressed in aseptic clothing, entered the room along with the nurse.

A 42-year-old male patient Im Jinmook.

The nurse smiled as she looked at him.

"How are you feeling today, sir?"

Despite his haggard face, he answered with a smile.

"Very good. I want to brush my teeth everyday. I don't feel refreshed by just rinsing my teeth alone."

"You don't get any bleeding out of my gums, right? You can probably brush your teeth gently now, but don't forget to ask the doctor about it."

The nurse carefully checked the patient's condition.

Suhyuk looked at him from behind quietly and recalled his examination record from a little while ago. *'Did it say that he was overall in good condition and that he received chemotherapy because there were no complications? He received a bone marrow transplant for radiation therapy.'*

A smile flickered in Suhyuk's eyes. One month? It seemed that he could be discharged by then.

At that moment, the name of a disease suddenly passed through his mind.

'HIV'

Whenever he saw reports about leukemia on TV, he naturally came to think about HIV.

Can HIV be used to repair leukemia? Leukemia produces and inhibits the production of normal red blood cells and platelets by overproduction and proliferation of immature white blood cells. As a result, the defense system of the body collapses, resulting in complications such as sepsis, anemia, and difficulty breathing. HIV is the opposite. HIV is a disease where the white blood cells are destroyed while leukemia is one where white blood cells increase abnormally.

A poison is cured by a poison. The HIV virus that destroys white blood cells is put into a disease that increases white blood cells. In other words, genetic information (the HIV virus) is planted into the blood stem cell to treat leukemia. Theoretically it is more than possible, but it is not as easy as one thinks. If one can do the research successfully, treatment of leukemia will be easier and the pain suffered by the patient will be significantly reduced. In fact, it was a project implemented seriously in foreign countries. One in five responded favorably.

Suhyuk shook his head. Right now it's not perfect, but someday...

It was his own homework that Suhyuk had been thinking of.

"Shall we go now?"

At the nurse's words, Suhyuk nodded his head and turned back to the patient.

He looked at the patient again.

'When you are discharged, do not come back to the hospital.'

It was another way of Suhyuk saying to the patient he should stay fit and healthy.



The practice students' every day was hectic and busy.

As soon as they were done with the morning rounds, they went to see the assigned patients for examination or to check the medical records.

Only three days to go before the PPT announcement.

They did not go home, and prepared a presentation through the night at the hospital.

Suhyuk was no exception. No, he moved the mouse effortlessly.

While everyone was wrestling with the patient's illness, he was surfing the internet to look for a background for his PPT.

Then Choi Suryon approached him, saying, "What are the tests that are essential to proving the early peritonitis? No matter how hard I tried, I cannot find the answer."

Letting out a sigh, she swept up her long hair as if she did not know.

"I think it would be better to take a simple radiographic image (Chest X-ray), because you can offer your own opinion on pneumoperitoneum^[1]."

"Are you talking about one where you capture the image of a person's chest while he's standing?"

Suhyuk nodded and spoke again, "If you go deeper, you can find free air from using an electrified CT..."

She shook her head. She felt her head throbbing as if she were talking with a professor.

"I just need to include a chest radiography in the presentation because all I need is to show pneumoperitoneum. Thank you!"

She turned back without any regrets. At that moment she was staggering and put her hands on his desk.

"What's wrong? Are you okay?" asked Suhyuk.

At his questions, she slowly nodded her head.

"I feel like I have anemia. I feel it these days often."

Suhyuk slightly frowned.

Recently he has not seen her eating, and if she did, she ate very little like a bird.

"Are you on a diet these days?"

She put her hand on her waist and made a posture as if she wanted to show off her shape.

Her tight pants and vest stuck to her upper body showed that her shape is a subject of praise.

"Do you think my body needs to be on diet?"

Suhyuk said, shaking his head, "Don't skip your meals. Or eat anemic medicine. If you want to be a doctor, you should be able to manage your body."

"Hey..."

She leaned back and showed her face to Suhyuk, saying, "Are you worried about me?"

With her vest stretched down, her breastbone was openly visible.

Suhyuk turned his head to the side and muttered to himself, "*Put on some clothes, too...*"

When he thought as such, Choi said calmly, looking around, "Are not you hungry?"

Suhyuk nodded his head. It was already 9 o'clock in the night.

Actually he felt hungry at this moment.

"Let me treat you, so let's go out."

"What about our other friends?"

"I'm not that rich, okay? Let me leave first, and you come out 10 minutes later."

She wrapped her backpack and waved to them, saying, "I'm leaving now. See you tomorrow."

Choi hopped like a rabbit to get out of the PK room.

Suhyuk looked around. Everyone was staring at the medical records on those patients they were assigned to. He felt sorry for them because only both of them were eating out.

For them, however, the practice score would be more of a priority than eating.

Ten minutes later, Suhyuk rose from the seat, saying, "I'll get some air outside for a moment."

They were jealous at his words.

"You must feel good as you can afford to go out for fresh air."

"Are you done already?"

Suhyuk went out of the room, with them casting jealous eyes.



Suhyuk and Choi found a coffee shop.

With coffee and a piece of chocolate cake, he moved to his seat.

What he ordered was a sweet piece of chocolate cake. He chose it without thinking, but the price was very expensive. That little piece cost 7,000 won. Naturally Hana's rice and soup store came to his mind. With this money, he could fill his stomach with one bowl of delicious rice and soup.

"Thanks for the treat."

She smiled at his words. The cake disappeared shortly.

Hardly had he moved his fingers a few times than he had suddenly eaten it all. He felt as if he lost to his appetite.

On the other hand, Choi had yet to eat half.

No, she just poked the fork as if to dismantle the cake rather than eat it.

"What are you doing?"

She woke up from her thoughts at his words, and she put some cake in her mouth.

"I just don't know what to do with the presentation... I already feel anxious."

"You'll be okay if you do it well seeing as you have prepared for it."

He has secretly seen the PPT she had been making.

The prescriptions and coping for the disease were accurate without any margin of error.

If she goes ahead with it just as it is, she will definitely get a good score.

Then Choi stood up and laughed, saying, "I'll go to the bathroom."

She went to the bathroom and said, "Wow!"

She started to feel nauseous.

As if she felt choking in her throat, her white neck was becoming red.

She headed to the sink and rinsed her mouth.

Looking at the dripping water, she muttered, "Disgusting bastard..."

Recently, she felt it hard to swallow food. It was natural that anemia followed because she ate little.

"Lee Suhyuk..."

Chewing her thin lips, she shook her head and blew away her thoughts.

Extreme stress.

'I've had this before. "

"Huuhh..."

After adjusting her hair that slipped off, she soon went out of the bathroom.



Parting with Suhyuk, she was adjusting her clothes in front of her house.

Then soon she went inside.

"I'm home."

Her father and her stepmother that were watching TV took a glance at her.

That was it. No one spoke to her.

Heading down, she walked across the living room.

In a situation like this, she just felt confused about if she was alive or dead. She felt like a ghost.

So she opened her door and her expression brightened in an instant. He is the only one who makes her like this. When she went into her room, her expression became bright in a moment.

For she found her brother sitting at her desk; her only supporter in the world.

"You're late."

With a big smile, she hugged him and played the baby.

"Yeah, I'm so tired these days because I have to prepare a presentation."

Tapping her on the shoulder, he said with a soft voice.

"Suryon"

"Yeah?" she replied, holding herself in her brother's arms.

Choi In-bae looked at her face-to-face after pushing her shoulder gently.

With a little sigh, he fixed his gaze on the notebook he put on her desk.

It was her diary. He did not mean to see it.

He was about to go out of her room after secretly leaving a bottle of perfume she wanted, but noticed her diary on the bed and read it with curiosity.

And he was stunned.

The diary was packed with the name Lee Suhyuk everywhere.

It showed her hate of, and big obsession with him.

"Suryon, I told you about it."

"What?" she asked, making a curious expression.

"I told you he saved my life. The doctor said my life would have been in jeopardy without his first-aid."

At his words, she hastily picked up her diary, and she murmured as she put it in the drawer as if she were hiding it.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Choi Suryon!"

She closed her ears with both hands, and she squatted in the corner of the wall.

"No, no, no, no, no! He tried to kill you! What a fool you are seeing as you don't know it yet? You will be alright if Lee Suhyuk disappears! Yes, if that bastard disappears!"

Choi Inbae was forced to look at her like a person totally aghast.

Did she not look like a person who had lost their mind?

"You... what's wrong with you?"

There was no response. Eventually he shook Choi's shoulder.

"Suryon!"

She slowly raised her head. Tears of sorrow dripped down her face.

"Choi Suryon, are you okay?" Choi Inbae, staring at her with surprised eyes, did not know.

[1] Pneumoperitoneum - abnormal presence of air (or other gas) within the abdominal cavity.

Chapter 56

The presentation session was just around the corner.

Tomorrow they are supposed to present the presentations in front of the professors.

It's 10pm. The students, confined to the PK room, were busy with putting finishing touches on their presentation preparation. Some of them were mumbling while standing, and checked and rechecked if they had any mistakes in their presentations.

The central figure among them was Suhyuk.

If they did not know or understand anything, they turned to Suhyuk for help.

Suhyuk replied to their questions without hesitating even for a second.

On all such occasions they were stunned, but kept a calm expression because that was not the first time.

"Done."

Suhyuk smiled lightly, looking at the monitor.

He finished all the preparations for the presentation. Originally it was not even half a day's job, but he was a little slow because he had to help with his friends' work.

It was also because he was a bit complacent about his work.

When he tried to turn off the PC, Suhyuk put his hand on his cellphone.

It was a call from resident Park Ganghyun.

He would never contact the students after practice sessions.

'What is it?'

"Yes, sir," answered Suhyuk.

"Have you not gone home yet?"

"I'm going home now."

"Come to the emergency room right now along with your friends. No, just you alone."

"What's going on?"

Park hung up the phone when he said that.

Suhyuk stared at his cellphone quietly. Apparently his voice seemed urgent.

Then a voice popped out from the side.

"What's the matter?" It was Choi Suryon.

"Resident Park is calling for me."

"Why?"

Suhyuk shook his head. He did not know why either.

"Would you like me to go with you?"

"No, he asked me to come alone."

Choi looked back at him walking away, and murmured, "How busy he is... He thinks he has already become a doctor?"

The emergency room was crowded with patients.

More patients than usual rushed into the emergency room, making the nurses and doctors hectically busy.

"What happened?"

Suhyuk asked a busy nurse passing by.

"The bus that high school students were riding on had an accident."

Suhyuk looked around again. Most of the patients were students, who ranged from those with blood on their faces to those with bleeding limbs.

Luckily, he was not able to see an emergency patient.

"Huuhh..."

He closed his eyes for a moment and calmed down his pounding heart.

Then he found Park Ganghyun. Suhyuk was able to find him quickly.

"You called for me, sir," said Suhyuk.

Park did not reply. Instead, he opened the pupil of the wounded patient to confirm its reflex. There was no reflex.

"Nurse Lee, I think you should take a scan of the patient. Hurry up, please."

"Okay."

When the nurse disappeared with the patient, Park opened his mouth to Suhyuk, "You see resident Oh Byungchul over there? As you can see, he is short handed at the moment because many patients came here at the same time, so go and ask him if he needs anything."

Nurses, doctors, and interns all took care of the patients, but it was not enough.

In addition, new patients kept coming in.

"I'm afraid you have to help as an assistant."

Though he mentioned assistant role, it was more like an errand boy.

It was not possible to put a student without a medical license into actual treatment practice.

In addition to Lee Suhyuk, Park tried to call all of the apprentices. But he changed his mind because the guys, who were confused about even the simple names of the medical apparatus, would disturb him when they were called for.

Lee Suhyuk alone was enough.

So Park moved to the imaging room with the patient.

Looking at his back, Suhyuk scratched his head.

'How can I assist?' He thought to himself.

Then he went to Oh Byungchul who was watching over a patient.

He was instructing the nurse, checking the torn eyes of the patient.

"Tell them our emergency room is full, and to return the ambulance to another

hospital."

"Yes!"

The nurse disappeared and Oh Byungchul looked at Suhyuk.

"Did resident Park call for you?"

"Yes, he asked me to help you..."

Oh Byungchul smiled lightly, and he gestured with his eyes, glancing at the medical appliances.

"Give me a needle holder."

Suhyuk moved his hands without hesitation.

He exactly picked up the right tweezers among dozens of tools.

"When you are doing your internship, you will be stitching countless times until you're bored. So, take a close look now. Otherwise you might get confused later."

Oh, who withdrew his gaze from Suhyuk, told the patient in a comforting manner, "It will sting a bit."

The needle touched the patient's skin.

At the same time, he skillfully sewed with thread to the skin. It was dermal burial suture.

It was a technique to suture the skin by touching only the dermis without suturing the underlying skin.

It was a cosmetic procedure as the stitch was done for a facial area.

"Synthetic (for inner skin suture)?"

"Oh yeah."

Oh Byungchul laughed dumbfoundedly at Suhyuk watching the stitching job.

It was difficult to visually confirm that the suture he was doing now was touching the skin or touching the dermis. Nonetheless, he could figure it out correctly. What a guy...

Without Oh's instruction, Suhyuk gave out the necessary things according to each step correctly.

On such occasions, he looked at Suhyuk sometimes.

He was as good as an intern who studied quite well.

He gave out the stitching instruments as if he were suturing himself.

The suturing time was not short, but the suture ended now.

Oh finally opened his mouth after disinfecting it.

"You can leave now," said Oh.

"Pardon?"

"Go and do your work. I don't think there is anything left you can do."

Suhyuk looked around. Most of the patients had light bruises and abrasions.

The only thing left is to look at the bones and organs of the students using medical equipment. The patients who were rushed into the emergency room like a rising tide gradually got discharged.

"Take care," said Suhyuk, and left the room.

It was less than two hours that he stayed there.

He just felt futile at the moment and thought like this: *'I hope that time passes quickly, so the day would come as soon as possible when I can touch and take care of the sick people and the patients suffering from pain. Then I won't calm down my throbbing heart, nor will I hesitate to help.'*



Students in clean suits and white robes gathered in the conference room.

And they waited for the professors anxiously.

"I hope I do well without trembling during the presentation."

"I hope the professors don't ask questions."

Looking at them, Suhyuk laughed gently.

They were so nervous even though they were so well prepared.

Then Park Ganghyun came into the meeting room, followed by Professor Lee Mansuk and Professor Kim Jinwook.

The two professors' eyes turned to Suhyuk, with a look that seemed to ask, *'It was too easy for you, wasn't it' 'Just be my disciple as I give you a full score without looking at your presentation.'* It was the kind of look that Suhyuk could not understand at all.

So the two professors sat down and Park opened his mouth, "Professors do not have much time, so let's start right away. Kwon Jaeik, you're first?"

"Yeah!"

"Start your presentation!"

The screen came down and the beam projector shot the video.

Kwon opened his mouth with a trembling voice.

"My patient is a 55-year-old man who has been diagnosed with ossification^[1] of the posterior longitudinal ligament, and I will begin the presentation. Three years ago, the patient had pain on the neck and shoulder, so he had been treated at another hospital. The patient was taken to this emergency room after he fell while climbing. He had neck pain, weakness in the limbs..."

Kwon's presentation, despite him being the most nervous among the students, was delivered surprisingly well. Professor Lee opened his mouth when the presentation was over, "Well, good job. What is the cause of postmenopausal syndrome?"

His presentation described the medical treatment in detail, but touched on the disease-induced explanation evasively.

"Well..."

"Don't you know the answer?" Professor Lee was stunned at Kwon, who became dumb as an oyster.

"A prescription is offered by a doctor, but the doctor doesn't know the cause of the disease. Do you think this makes any sense?"

Then he called Suhyuk's name sitting beside him.

"Lee Suhyuk," His head turned to Lee.

"Do you know the answer?"

His expression turned embarrassed.

If he answered the question, it seemed Kwon's practice score would be deducted somehow. For the answer that the presenter did not know would come from the wrong person.

The professor frowned a bit when Suhyuk seemed hesitant.

He felt a bit disappointed because the answer did not even come out from the student he had in mind. Of course, his eagerness to have him as his disciple did not wane a bit just for that.

He's just a student now. What he had shown so far was great.

'What he does not know, I can teach.' Prof. Lee thought to himself.

When Professor Lee's gaze moved back to the presenter, he heard something, "It was abnormal ossification that occurs along the posterior cervical vertebrae."

The professor's head turned to Suhyuk again. He was laughing gently, which reconfirmed his trust in him. Suhyuk did not stop there, "Stenosis of the spinal canal causes radiculopathy and myelopathy."

When Suhyuk stopped, Prof. Lee asked, "What are the symptoms that have a tendency to accompany?"

"Common ligaments, yellow ligaments, and ossicles of the spinal ligaments may be common."

Lee nodded his head, as if he were satisfied. He could reconfirm his trust in him.

Suhyuk opened his mouth again, "This is what I seemed to have heard from the presenter Kwon Jaeik yesterday. Maybe he must have forgotten because he was so nervous."

Lee asked Kwon, "Really?"

Meeting his eyes, Kwon opened his eyes wide and looked at Suhyuk.

Suhyuk was nodding his head with a smile.

"Yes, sir!"

"I see."

Profs. Lee and Kim took a pen on the paper they were holding. They wanted to deduct the score but did not. Suhyuk's behavior was praiseworthy.

He said he heard it all from the presenter? The two professors did not believe him.

The presentations continued.

The students who were sweating at the questions of the professors barely responded by using their knowledge as much as they could. Among them, Choi Suryon, who made a smooth presentation and a clean Q & A session, was praised by the professors.

Finally, Suhyuk's turn came up.

A break time was given prior to his presentation.

"I will give you 10 minutes break. So, go to the toilet quickly if you want."

"In that case I will return quickly."

At Park's words, the students moved quickly.

Suhyuk moved to a PC to connect his USB with the presentation contents.

Then Choi Suryon approached and supported Suhyuk.

"Lee Suhyuk, Go get 'em!"

Suhyuk nodded with a slight smile. There was nothing difficult. All he had to do was show the images and pictures of the data, and explain about the blood cancer that such patients were suffering, and

the process of treatment and future prescriptions. It was a simple presentation.

If the other students had known this idea of Suhyuk's, they would have been stunned.

Simple? No way!

Soon Suhyuk came before the PC, connecting the USB to look for the files.

Then.

"Uh?" The file did not exist. No matter how he searched for it, he could not find it.

He vividly remembered that he finished work yesterday and saved the PPT on the USB.

The students who had visited the toilet took their seats while Suhyuk was wearing an embarrassed expression.

And Park Ganghyun informed the professors.

"The last presenter is Lee Suhyuk."

[1] Ossification - bone modelling, the layering of bone cells.

Chapter 57

“Huuhh...”

Suhyuk came off the PC with a short sigh. Since the file was gone, he had no choice but to present it with his own voice. Only that way could he could get whatever score they gave.

Suhyuk manipulated the remote control to lower the screen and turn off the beam projector.

"What are you doing now?"

At Park Ganghyun's asking, Suhyuk laughed bitterly. The professors looked at him curiously.

"I will start the presentation about patient Im Jinmook who has been suffering from hematologic cancer."

"Are you kidding me?"

At Park's words, Professor Lee Mansuk moved his hand. It was meant to let him proceed with the presentation. The eyes of the two professors were tinged with curiosity.

What was he going to do? Suhyuk, with a black pen, began to write down the patient's personal information on a large whiteboard.

"Patient Im, suffering from acute myeloid leukemia, had an easily treatable type of cancer, and he had chemotherapy because there were no prior complications such as pneumonia."

Suhyuk continued to open his mouth and did not rest his hand.

Suhyuk added that if the patient had complications, he would first have to improve his condition with antibiotics, blood transfusions, and adjuvant therapies before chemotherapy.

“Since then, he has been taking chemotherapy, which can eradicate leukemia cells

from the whole body via the bloodstream, but because it does not reach the brain and spinal cord, he was administered the recommended chemotherapy directly to the cerebrospinal fluid."

And he wrote down on the board some cautions about applying a long needle and the exact technique.

"Next, about introduction therapy..."

Lee raised his hand.

"Please go ahead."

"According to your words, it means that from the head to the toe the anti-cancer drug is circulated, but don't you think the drug is overused?"

"About 100 million leukemia cells were present in the patient's body, so systemic chemotherapy was inevitable."

"Got it," said Prof. Lee, shaking his head with glaring eyes.

His explanation was easy to understand. Granted that he searched the patient's data thoroughly, he was listing the step-by-step treatment as though he himself had done the surgery himself.

Besides, the additional explanations on the whiteboard were easy to understand for the students.

"It would be good enough for me to use it as a textbook..." Professor Kim looked at him gently at his murmuring.

"You'd better give him up quickly. He is going to be my disciple anyway," Prof. Kim murmured to himself, and looked at Suhyuk with a satisfactory look.

"If there are no more questions, I will proceed with the presentation again."

The two professors nodded, and Suhyuk opened his mouth again.

"Since then, the patient has received a hematopoietic stem cell (bone marrow) transplantation. There are two types of transplantation for the transplantation of other people's cells."

"Okay. That's enough," Professor Lee stopped his presentation.

He felt as if he were attending an academic seminar that intensively studies leukemia.

If he were allowed to continue, it seemed he would just go on and on.

So as soon as Suhyuk was about to open his mouth again, Professor Kim first spoke.

"Like other diseases, do you think leukemia can be prevented?"

"The cause of the disease has not yet been elucidated medically yet, but as a proven fact, exposure to chemicals such as cigarettes, lungs, benzene, and herbicides should be minimized and potential of getting leukemia is caused when doxorubicin or etoposide anticancer drugs are used."

"As for Im Jinmook, can he be cured?"

Suhyuk laughed gently at Professor Lee's question.

"I think he can be discharged soon."

Professor Lee stood up from his seat and looked at his notes on the whiteboard.

The summary was concise and to the point.

"Resident Park Ganghyun."

"Yes, professor."

"Print out Suhyuk's notes and distribute it to the interns, and you read it too."

So then he left, and so did Professor Kim. Looking at Suhyuk with a smile, they left the conference room.

"Huuhh..."

Suhyuk finished the presentation with a sigh.

His friends came up to him.

"Did you hear the professors' instruction that your notes should be printed out and distributed to the interns?"

"Why didn't you turn on the PowerPoint?"

Suhyuk answered shortly, "The file was gone."

"How come...? Anyway, you're a great guy."

While all the students were gathered around Suhyuk, Choi Suryon stayed sat down on the chair.

She was grabbing her nails and mumbling, *"What the heck are you..."*

She had him drink and seduced him. Also, she had all the professors ask him questions during the rounds time. She even deleted the PPT file this time. It was all meaningless. Rather Suhyuk used all that to make him get recognized even more brilliantly. Thanks to that, there was no one in the hospital who did not know him.

Her fingernails that she was biting got crushed.

'Yes, you should just disappear. Only that way can my brother feel relaxed.'



After the presentations, the students were able to head home early for the first time in a long time.

Still though, it was past 7pm. Suhyuk also left the hospital. But he did not go home.

He was going to visit Hana's rice and soup restaurant for the first time in a long while.

Arriving at the bus stop, he smiled with relief. He thought he would not get a score as the PPF file was gone. If that had happened, he would have flunked. Unlike his friends whose lives were on track, he would have to study one more year to retake the same courses.

"How lucky..."

What if the professors did not pass him due to his mistake? He just let out a sigh when he came to think of it. The bus arrived and Suhyuk was on the bus.

Suhyuk, who got off the bus, went into the market alley.

Although the street lights were installed everywhere, the lights were blinking as if they were out of order. Every day Hana and her father would pass through this road.

"Should I submit a complaint?"

Hana is a woman and her father is uncomfortable with his limp.

The road was dangerous for them because many drunk people would come and go.

"I have to call the civil complaint center tomorrow."

Thinking so, Suhyuk moved his feet. Then he had to stop because he saw a long shadow of a person between the flickering lights.

When the light was turned off and shone back on, the shadow had disappeared.

Suhyup looked around. *Meow*. A cat was jumping over the wall.

Shaking his head, Suhyuk moved again. So when the lights went out and came back again, Suhyuk turned back quickly. He surely saw it. A shadow chasing him from behind.

But there was nobody.

"Is it another cat?"

Suhyuk moved with a silly laugh.

At that moment, a person jumped out suddenly right before him.

"Die!"

It was a woman holding a sharp scalpel. A thin line of blood was drawn on his cheek.

He barely avoided the scalpel falling on his cheek.

The lights went out and came back on. Suhyuk was holding her wrist with the scalpel.

"Choi Suryon... what the hell are you doing?!"

"You must die!"

She gave more strength to her arm holding the scalpel. But she could not overpower him.

"What's the matter with you?"

"Die! Please die!"

This time she grabbed his neck with her other hand.

When she was about to scratch his neck with her sharp nails, he slapped her in the

face hard.

She squatted on the ground. Suhyuk slowly approached her.

And he took a long sigh, "I did not think Inbae would tell you to do this."

Suhyuk knew from the beginning. She was Choi's brother. He did realise it when he went out of the movie theater with Hana, but it came back to his mind quickly.

He saw Inbae taking her near the hospital several times.

The only thing he did not know was that Choi Suryon hated him so much.

"Just tell Inbae to give me a call."

When Suhyuk moved his step again, she abruptly took hold of him again, shouting "He'll be alright if you are removed!"

He took her wrist again. He fastened her to the wall with the other forearm and looked sharp at Choi's eyes.

"Do you know how dangerously you are acting towards me? Call Choi Inbae..."

Suhyuk could not talk any more.

Her pupils trembled a lot. Though she was looking at him, actually she was not.

'Schizophrenia?'

If that's right, he could understand her behavior to some extent.

Schizophrenia causes hallucinations, delusions, and emotional insensitivity disorders.

"Die! Die! Please die!"

Tears dropped from Choi's eyes.

The voice coming out of her mouth was close to madness. Even tears.

"Choi Suryon, come to your senses!"

Suhyuk grabbed her chin and faced her straight in the face.

"Can you recognize who I am? How did you follow me? What's your name?"

She was just struggling as if she could not hear him.

Then he could notice it clearly. The golden ring within her black eyes.

"A Kayser-Flesischer ring... Wilson's disease?"

Suhyuk, who was controlling her with his strength, spoke again.

"How could a person who wants to be a doctor..."

With a sigh, he moved his hands.

"Just go to sleep for a moment."



Choi Suryon's closed eyes slowly opened.

It was a patient's room.

"Why am I here..."

She woke up from the bed. Then the tingling pain made her head turn.

She saw an IV needle injected into her arm, and Suhyuk drinking water at the side.

"How are you feeling?" Suhyuk approached her.

"I'm okay, but why am I here?"

"Did you keep hiding it or did you know about it?"

She made an expression as if she did not understand his question.

It seemed that she did not know that she had wielded the scalpel to him horribly.

"How long have you been without menstruation?"

At his question, she was stunned. How did he know that?

"If you've had anemia, you should have predicted it to some extent. Your organs are not normal right now."

Choi's disease was one caused by an abnormality in copper metabolism: Wilson's

disease. Copper accumulates in the liver, brain, cornea, and red blood cells, causing mutations in the gene. If left untreated, it is a terrible disease that leads to death in any form such as from liver disease, or psychological suicide. It can not be completely cured by modern medicine. The patient should take care of his or her life by taking medication that can release copper from the body.

"What do you mean?"

To her question, Suhyuk murmured with a long sigh.

"What a silly girl."

How could she, who wanted to be a doctor, just ignore such symptoms?

Vomiting, hemolytic anemia, depression. Obviously she must have experienced it.

'I wish I could have found out a little sooner... '

Then Choi Inbae came into the room.

His eyes looking at Choi Suryon were full of regrets.

"Suhyuk, can I talk to you for a moment?"

Suhyuk nodded at his words. So then they were out of the room.

Some time later, a middle-aged man came to her room, which remained alone with just her.

It was Choi Suryon's father. She, who was lying in bed, slowly raised her upper body.

"Dad..."

"Just stay in bed."

He looked at his daughter quietly. What was he thinking? Amid the silence, she opened her mouth, "I'm sorry... You came here because of me, even though you were busy."

She had no expression on her face, but she was surprised in her heart.

Did he ever come to see her first?

"Suryon."

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry."

Her eyes became wide.

'What is he sorry for? Why do I get tears?'

She quickly wiped her flowing tears. She did not want to show him her ugliness like that.

Boohoo. But she could not stop her tears from coming. In the end, she burst into tears.

"I'm sorry, Dad. *Boohoo.*"

She curled herself up, with her shoulders heaving.

The middle-aged man slowly hugged her.

"I'm sorry, I'm a stupid dad... I'm really sorry."

'My daughter's body was not all normal anymore now. Her body and mind. How hard and painful this poor wretch was... Why did I see this poor little girl only as a thorn in my eyes?'

Only now he could see his own flesh and blood in her properly.

'Do not forgive this stupid father. I'm sorry. My daughter... '

Suhyuk, walking along with Choi Inbae, told the nurse in charge, "Choi is a patient with Wilson's disease. I think you need to administer penicillamine or trientine first."

It was a drug that could discharge copper accumulated in the organ with the urine. It is a disease very difficult to detect even with a test. So, he firmly defined it as 'Wilson's disease' just in case the nurse would not understand him.

"It has been a while since I saw you," said Choi Inbae, offering canned coffee to Suhyuk, who took it quietly.

The two looked up at the sky silently.

"You do not deserve having a sister."

Choi smiled bitterly at his words. It was true. It was really his big mistake that he did

not detect her condition like that.

Choi Inbae, touching the canned coffee, opened his mouth, "Thank you."

He heard from the doctor that she would have had to receive a liver transplant if her condition had been detected a bit later.

"This is just the beginning, it takes several months to heal. It's not the end. It's a illness that she has to carry all her life."

A chronic disease that needs medication until death, and constant attention.

"Thank you then..." said Choi Inbae, touching his neck. It was the spot where Suhyuk opened his cricothyroid membrane for first aid treatment before.

"And now, you have saved me and my sister."

Suhyuk laughed bitterly, "You know I appreciate it, but as I just told you, this is just the beginning. You have to take care of her well, and she'll show symptoms of mental illness during treatment. So, don't take it as abnormal and deal with it well."

Suhyuk walked away with Choi Inbae left behind him, and he waved his hand.

Looking at his back, Choi Inbae muttered, *"Thank you man. From the bottom of my heart."*

Chapter 58

Suhyuk's mother put several 10,000 won notes in Suhyuk's hands.

"I don't need it as I stay only inside the hospital."

"You still keep it," she said, putting the money deep into his pocket.

"Do they serve meals? Can I prepare some food for you?"

"They serve good food at the hospital. And I don't have any space to keep food."

It was a very small lodging with bunk beds. The refrigerator was small as well.

"I'll come back when I have time."

"Yeah, yeah, slow down while taking shortcuts..."

With her son going out the porch, she looked at him admirably.

It was just like yesterday that he protested and complained like a teen, with his room locked from the inside, but now he became an adult man. And also one where his profession was that of a doctor. All the people around her envied her, saying she had such a great son. She just smiled before she knew it because she was so proud of her son.

"I'm leaving now. Do not come out."

"Call me when you have time."

With a soft smile, Suhyuk thought to himself, while leaving the house, *'Mom and dad, please wait a little bit. I'll soon let you live in luxury.'*

His gait to the bus stop was light.

It's already been one week since he became an intern. He thought that he was going to be busy from the beginning but it was a misjudgement of his. He was not assigned to training right away. Instead he was just told the upcoming curriculum. Seven days of adjusting time was given to him. He was only a little more busy than when he was a PK student. Even that was coming to an end as of today.

He had to visit each clinical department and spend time with his primary physician for intensive learning with no time to go to sleep. It was only natural, given that when they're short staffed, it was the interns who had to fill the vacuum. In the course of the training, all the miscellaneous things should be handled by the interns. They also had to examine and report on the condition of the patients to the primary doctor. When they get a call, they have to rush immediately, brushing their sleepy eyes, night or dawn. They had been prepared for this because they heard about this from their seniors and from the doctors.

If he could save a dying person, he would do anything.

Suhyuk, waiting for the bus, looked down at his own hands quietly.

Can I use these hands for the patient? As I'm only an intern, all I can do is just suturing or looking on, even with a sick patient before my eyes.'

He blew away such thoughts with a short breath.

Getting on board a bus, a medical law clause came to his mind. Article 5 clause 1, which goes like this: 'A lawful medical person is someone who has majored in medical science with a MS degree, passed the national medical exam and received the license from the Ministry of Health and Welfare'

Though he was an intern, he was certified to take care of the patient.

'If a person was dying in front of me... I don't have to hesitate or hide the medical knowledge I keep in my head, right?'



After coming into the hospital lodging, Suhyuk began to unload his baggage.

There was nothing particular about the packed stuff. It was all clothes.

At that moment, Kwon Jaeik, carrying a coke, came in.

"You just got here?"

He was supposed to share the lodging with him.

Kwon squatted on the bed and sighed, "I studied like hell to come to this point, but it's only the real beginning from now..."

"From now on, just think about saving a person's life..."

He shook his head at his words. Suhyuk seemed to think of the patient as his lover.

When they talked about routine topics, his eyes sparkled whenever there was any mention of a disease or a patient.

After drinking from the coke, he opened his mouth again, "Which department did you say you're starting with?"

"Pediatrics."

When they have done their training at each of the different department every month, they will have completed one year of internship. And after the exam at the end of the year, they can decide on their speciality.

Kwon looked at Suhyuk with an envious look.

"Oh, mine is the surgery department."

The surgery department was a physically challenging one compared to other departments, as such it was called as a place where you can find the '3Ds' - jobs that are dirty, dangerous or difficult.

In addition, it was an unpopular profession in which there were not many majors, so they were short staffed a lot.

Tearing his hair out, Kwon rose from his seat saying, "Let's go."

Suhyuk looked at him with a puzzled look, "Where to?"

"Don't you know we interns were supposed to gather at the rooftops? From now on we're so busy we can't even see each other's faces. Oh, I wish tomorrow would not come..."

Tomorrow was a Monday, the start of a full-fledged internship.

Suhyuk stood from the seat, as if he were recalling what had slipped off his mind.

"Let's go."



Sky Park located at the rooftop of Daehan Hospital.

There were lots of patients and guardians there even at dusk. Among them were seen the interns wearing white gowns, who talked with a mixed feeling of expectation and anxiousness.

"I hear that the internal medicine physician is horrible. I'm afraid my life is as good as over."

"I am with a surgeon."

Suhyuk smiled a little at them. All of the PK trainees became interns like him, except only one did not.

Choi Suryon, suffering from a mental illness accompanied with Wilson's disease, did not... It was hard for her to be a doctor with that condition. How was she doing? Maybe she would be doing well.

"Cheers for our future!"

At his friends' spirited voice, Suhyuk raised his soft drink.

The night that was not so long passed and the morning was breaking bright.

Kwon frowned at the alarm sound.

"What time is it?"

Turning off the sound, Suhyuk said, wearing the gown, "It's six o'clock."

Interns gathered together for breakfast, and headed for their assigned department, waving their hands just like separated families did, "Shall we go?"

Suhyuk got on the elevator. Getting off at the seventh floor, he crossed a bridge to move to another building.

"Hello? You're Lee Suhyuk, right?"

A woman physician turning over a chart welcomed him.

Her face looked small enough to think her black rimmed glasses looked larger than

normal.

She laughed with a tired face and stuck out her hand.

"Pleasure to meet you. I'm Oh Heejin."

She had seen him on the TV news three times, but it was the first time she saw his face in person.

Holding her hands, Suhyuk said, "I am at your service!"

"Oh, it's me who wants to say that. You can just do what I tell you, and do not make any mistakes. How about it? Easy, right?"

How many times had interns caused troubles by making mistakes... Her head was throbbing painfully when she thought about it.

"Yes."

She made an unbelievable expression at his reply. New interns always replied like that. When they were tasked with work, however, they were doing the wrong thing or she had a call without fail from those guardians whose patients were treated by the interns.

"Today is the first day... Ah, Nurse Kim!"

Oh Heejin called out the nurse who was passing by, and said, "Yes, doctor."

"This is a new intern. Please take him with you today."

"I'm fully tied up with schedules today."

The nurse made an expression about to cry.

"Well, let me excuse you then..." When she left, the nurse sighed briefly.

It was a very annoying thing to take him over on a busy day like this.

"Hello."

At Suhyuk's greeting she bowed her head slightly.

"I'm going to go to gather blood from a patient. Follow me, please."

The nurse turned back abruptly, and Suhyuk followed her.

They did not move far because the patient's room was nearby.

She approached a child. The five-year-old boy was in a good sleep.

The nurse asked for the consent of the guardian, "Mother, I'll take some blood, now" the nurse said to the boy's mother.

"I think he is okay now. It seems his temperature went down more than yesterday."

"Sure. He'll be better soon."

When the nurse took the syringe, the boy, waking up, began to show tears, and the mother comforted him, saying, "Yohwan, it will be quick. It doesn't hurt at all. Right, Nurse?"

"Sure. Let me get it done quickly so you won't feel pain."

Even though she said so, she felt troubled at her heart.

Children's blood is quite hard to take, because their veins are so narrow and thin.

Besides, the kid before her eyes was plump and beefy.

The nurse tied his arm with a yellow rubber band.

Meanwhile Suhyuk was checking the name of the kid's disease.

"Meningitis."

It was the disease that caused inflammation in the subarachnoid space.

Suhyuk looked at the kid sadly.

He just felt bitter at the thought that a long needle was put into the spine of that little kid.

The boy, with a crying voice, burst into cries after all at the nurse's needle.

"I put the needle in the wrong place. Don't move, Yohwan!"

His mom caught her child's moving arm.

And the nurse moved the needle one more time.

"Boohoo..." he cried.

Again she put in the needle beside the blood vessel.

"Hey, you're doing it correctly, right?"

At the guardian's question, the nurse was sweating.

"Sure. Wait a little. Let me bring a new syringe."

So said the nurse, and she went out of the room.

It was an excuse. She was intent to bring the most experienced nurse, known for her skill in finding the blood vessels like a ghost.

Suhyuk walked to the crying child. His mom, narrowing his eyes, looked at him.

She already felt upset because the nurse left a couple of needle marks on her son's forearm.

"Are you a doctor?"

Suhyuk nodded. It was true because interns were as good as a doctor.

"Did you feel a lot of pain?"

The child nodded with tears dripping.

"Let me blow my breath on it. Let me see."

Suhyuk took his child's arm lightly, and touched the area where his blood vessel was located, and soon he said, "I will collect blood."

Surprisingly he located it by the touch.

"Please get it in just one go."

She sharply looked at him. She showed an expression as if she would not sit idle if he did not do it right this time.

Whether he heard her complaint or not, he held a syringe calmly.

When the boy burst into tears, his mother covered her eyes and soothed him.

Suhyuk stuck a needle into his arm. The blood that passed through the needle was

being drawn into the syringe.

When the boy began to cry loudly, the needle was already out.

"It's here."

The nurse who had disappeared came back with a stout and heavy nurse.

Suhyuk said to them, "I am finished with the blood retrieval."

They saw the syringe filled with blood in his hand.

"Oh, that's good."

Responding blankly, the nurse thought it was just luck.

Even a nurse called a queen of blood vessels got into a sweat when she came to the pediatrics department. *'Now, this intern who just got here did it? Maybe he did it by sheer luck.'*

Thinking so, the nurse who entered another room sighed a silent long sigh.

A child more plump than Yohwan.

It was certain that her pride would be at risk if she put the needle in wrong this time.

She just felt bad about the scheduler who set up her schedule like this.

She stared at Suhyuk standing in the back.

"Do you want to try it by yourself? Experience is important."

Nodding his head, he took the syringe without hesitation.

"Hold on a second."

At the same time the blood work was done in an instant.

The nurse's face became blank. She made an unbelievable expression.

On that day, he just kept collecting blood all day long, and rumors began to circulate among the pediatric wards. He's an intern with a one-shot-one-kill.

And his name, all the nurses knew about it by late evening. Intern Lee Suhyuk. It was the starting point of the legend that shook Daehan Hospital.



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